

THE LONDON MAGAZINE:



Or, GENTLEMAN's Monthly Intelligencer.

For JANUARY, 1778.

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With the following Embellishments, viz.

A View of a remarkable MOUNTAIN OF ICE in Switzerland;
And a MAP of the revolted Kingdom of KIN CIUAN, lately recovered by the Emperor of China, both neatly engraved.

LONDON, printed for R. BALDWIN, at No. 47, in Pater-noster-Row.
Of whom may be had complete Sets, from the Year 1732 to the present Time, ready bound and stitched, or any single Volume to complete Sets,

York	4	4	8	1	3	4	1	8	3	4	1	South Wales	5	1	3	7	1	10	1	4	3	6
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The ICE MOUNTAIN called the GREAT GLACIERE, in the CANTON of BERNE. London Mss. Jan. 2. 1778.



1. 1. Ice which seems to grow from the bottom of the Mountain.

2. Tutochuen River which flows thro' it from beneath, & Ice Mountain. 3. 3 Houses built near the banks of the River on account of the Ice.

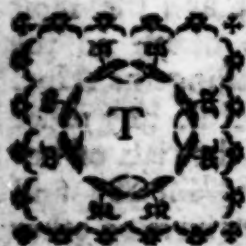
4. 4 Mountains always covered with Snow.



THE
LONDON MAGAZINE,
FOR JANUARY, 1778.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GLACIERES; OR, ICE MOUNTAINS
IN SWITZERLAND.

(With an elegant View, from an original Design.)



THE very accurate map of Switzerland given in our Magazine for the month of March, 1776, vol. XLV. with the historical dissertation on the rise and progress of liberty in that country, having proved of great utility to one of our countrymen, who has since that time established his residence at Berne; this gentleman, in return for what he is pleased to consider as a singular favour, has transmitted to us several drawings of the most delightful spots, and of the most remarkable works of nature and art, in that land of wonders.

From his papers, the Editor proposes to select descriptions of those curiosities that are the least known in England, and have not yet exercised the pens of our writers, or the pencils of our artists. Of this number are the Glacieres, no plate of which has yet been given in any periodical work extant. A general account of the Alps seems to have been expected from every traveller through Switzerland, and therefore they have been repeatedly described in different publications, while the Ice Mountains have passed almost unnoticed.

It is well known, that Switzerland is the best fortified of any country in Europe, not by the ingenuity and labour

of men, but by the works of nature, who has in a manner separated the Swiss from their neighbours, and defended them from the incursions of their enemies. Their defence does not consist in forts and citadels, but in high mountains, rocks, extensive lakes and deep rivers. This variegated scene likewise furnishes them with medicinal herbs and springs, with excellent pasture for their cattle, with great quantities of game as well for food as diversion, and with valuable metals and ores; in fine, with ten thousand natural curiosities to enchant the eye and improve the mind. These are the advantages the Swiss enjoy superior to the inhabitants of flat countries.

We are now to place in contrast, the very great inconveniencies of this situation so delightful in appearance.

In different parts of Switzerland there are mountains of ice which never melt, but on the contrary continue increasing in proportion as fresh snow falls, till they extend in length and breadth in such a manner, that they ruin all the country round them. The Germans call them Gletscher, and the French the Glacieres, by which last appellation they are most generally known. These mountains are commonly of an immense depth from their summits to their bases; and it sometimes happens that they split asunder

from top to bottom, making such a horrible noise, that it sounds as if the whole mountain was blown up by an explosion. The rents thus made, are of various depths and breadths; generally from two to five feet wide, and from three to four hundred yards deep; and if a man falls into one of them he is lost; at least very few escape, being either killed by the excessive cold, or drowned in the melted snow. Yet there is an absolute necessity to pass over these Ice Mountains, for in many places there is no other road; and when the snow is newly melted, the feet are apt to slip, and passengers fall to the bottom; at other times, a fresh fall of snow covers over these horrible rents, and travellers treading upon it as safe ground, are caught like a bird in a net, and perish in the profound abyss.

The only method to escape these perils, is to arm your shoes with iron-bands, into which they set short spikes, and to hire guides, who, with long poles in their hands, try every foot of the way, to discover these chasms, and when they meet with them, are likewise provided with a plank to cross them, if the opening is too wide to leap over. There are likewise poles erected in some parts of the country to direct to the right road; but in others the inhabitants refuse to set up any,

that travellers may be obliged to take them for guides, and to pay an exorbitant price for this service.

This is not the only danger to which one is exposed by these Ice Mountains; sometimes such large pieces fall from them suddenly, that they not only crush every thing they meet with in their passage, but so effectually shut up the roads, that it is impossible either to advance in your journey, or to go back; these accidents generally happen in warm weather; yet the prodigious masses of ice that break from the mountains in this manner, require a long time to melt, and till they are dissolved you cannot stir. Happy it is for the traveller if he meets with some miserable hut to take shelter in, or some subterraneous cavern, during this severe trial of his patience.

We shall close this account of the Glacieres with a physical paradox; it is an undeniable fact, that the waters which flow from these mountains of eternal ice, are the best and the most wholesome that can be drank in the country. A traveller passing the Alps, if he is warm, cannot drink any other water without running the risk of being seized with some fatal disease; and as to the inhabitants, they have no other remedy but the waters of the Glacieres for diarrheas, fevers and dysenteries.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE subscriptions now raising in all parts of the kingdom for embodying troops to enable us to carry on an ill-omened war against the unfortunate, deluded Americans; who, independent of a few wrong-headed rulers, are proper objects for pity, not for destruction; marks but too strongly the prevailing inclination of our countrymen for decisions by the sword. As an advocate for humanity, permit me, Sir, through your means, to throw out a few remarks on the savage horrors of war, and the fatal consequences of infernal discord, with a view to abate the ardour for devastation, which seems to have gone forth from our councils to our streets, and even to our country cottages. If any one thing more than another proves incontestably a degeneracy of the ancient spirit of philan-

thropy amongst us, it is the present almost universal clamour for subduing America by force of arms, an event which, if ever it happens, will most assuredly entail poverty and contempt on this nation. As I sincerely think we have been in the wrong on both sides of the Atlantic, I pray Heaven that the following dialogue may reach the closet of our gracious king, and co-operate with more powerful means to restore peace. I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

York, Jan. 3, 1778. PHILANTHROPOS.

DIALOGUE between an ENGLISHMAN and an AMERICAN, descendant from English Ancestors.

(Scene Calais.)

A. What do you mean by the right of war, or the law of arms?

E. Grotius

E. Grotius has written an ample treatise on the subject, in which he cites above two hundred Greek and Latin authors, and some Jewish, in support of his doctrine of the sword.

A. Do you imagine that prince Eugene, or the Duke of Marlborough, studied him, when they took the field to humble the pride of Louis XIV? The law of peace I am perfectly acquainted with: it consists in keeping one's word, and suffering all men to enjoy quietly their natural rights and privileges; but as for the law of arms I cannot understand it. To form a code for murder appears to me to be a wild notion. I hope some ingenious writer will give us a system of jurisprudence for highwaymen; it will be as much in character as the law of war by Grotius.

E. How then are we to reconcile this antient, this universal barbarous custom of nations waging war against each other, with the ideas of just and unjust; or with that good will to our species, said to be born with us: in fine, with the principles of virtue and integrity?

A. You premise too much.—The scarlet sin of committing all manner of crimes at the head of battalions, is not so universal as you imagine. The eastern Bramins, and the Christian Quakers have never been guilty of this abomination. The nations beyond the Ganges rarely shed human blood. The Laponians, the Samoiades, the inhabitants of Kamskatcha, never attacked their neighbours; but these are all savage, uncivilized nations, whom men of letters, in polished kingdoms, represent as mere vegetating brutes in human shape! The people on the coasts of the Indus and the Hydraspus were greatly surprised at the appearance of the first armed robbers who came to seize on their fine countries. Most of the native inhabitants of America knew nothing of this horrible sin, when the Spaniards, under pretext to civilize them, extirpated them with the Gospel in one hand, and the sword in the other.—And would to God my British ancestors had rather have suffered, like meek Protestant disciples of their Lord and Master, all the spiritual persecutions of the proud prelates of the English church, than to have violated the first principles of natural and re-

vealed religion, by invading the natural rights of the poor innocent tho' wild inhabitants of that country which they named New England, under pretext of finding an asylum where they could enjoy liberty of conscience. The vengeance of a just God, whose laws are uniform and unerring, you see has now overtaken their children's children, who in their turn are likely to be extirpated by their dear Christian brethren. How shall we explain this fury in our blood?

E. Just as physicians account for the plague, the king's evil, and madness. They are diseases appertaining to the construction of our organs. Men are not constantly attacked by the plague, the evil, or phrensy. But very often one false politician runs mad, bites his royal master, then a brother minister, and last of all the people. This suffices in a very short time to communicate the poison to four or five hundred thousand men. But when men are attacked with these diseases, are there any remedies, do you know of any for war?

A. I know but of two—fear and pity. Fear often obliges us to make peace; and pity, which nature has rightly implanted in our hearts as an antidote to bloody heroism, often occasions us to treat the conquered with lenity. In fact, it is our interest to shew compassion to a subdued people, that they may serve their new masters with less reluctance. But civilized despots on the thrones of kingdoms renowned for refined manners, elegance, and learning, are never swayed by such antique principles. Witness the inhuman conduct of the French government, to those unfortunate, brave patriots the Corsicans, who fought and bled in defence of their native rights, long after their falsely renowned chief had fled—yet were rewarded, for their loyalty to their constitution, with gibbets. A prudent man, when he has tamed an unruly horse, feeds and caresses it; but a madman knocks it on the head because he will not take the pains to render it still more tractable. One or other of the two motives I have mentioned should induce all wise princes and their people to make the most moderate use of prosperity, and to propose reasonable terms of reconciliation. As all nations have been subdued at one period

period or other of their history, the apprehensions of a repetition of the same common misfortune should inspire us with humanity—at least, if it cannot extirpate the rage of war. Your country was formerly conquered by the Romans, the Saxons, and the Danes; and finally by a Norman bastard: The nursery of the Christian religion is now in the hands of the Turks; an handful of Franks conquered Gaul. The Tyrians, the Carthaginians, the Goths, the Arabs, have all at different times subdued Spain. In fine, from China to Candia, almost the whole universe has occasionally submitted to the power of the sword. What would you say, if some second bastard of any race, aided by hired foreign troops, was to come and seize on England, and prescribe to you his own laws?

E. I would endeavour to put him to death upon his landing in my native country: if he killed me, there the contest would end; but if he only subdued me, I must resolve either to destroy myself, or to be his abject slave.

A. Sad alternative! yet a minister as much an alien to your interests, as a bastard to those of his legitimate brethren, in a fit of madness, having prescribed a tax to be crammed down our throats; after your moderate true English statesmen have found their error, the North British Mentor, the oracle of your laws, the president of your tribunals, declares it is no matter whether your minister was right or wrong at first; for the honour of Old England you must now reduce us to one or other of the dreadful alternatives just recited. Happy would it have been, my dear friend, for both countries, if his lordship had confined his great abilities to Coke upon Lyttelton, and had not extended them to bloody comments upon Grotius.

E. Nay, now you wander from our subject; besides, you are totally wrong in the object of your censure: the venerable judge you have in your eye is only a secondary planet in our political hemisphere; but lest we should quarrel, which is generally the end of all controversies on the guidance of the helm, let us resume our main argument. I am afraid you do not mean to admit that any war can be just.

A. I never yet read of any that deserved that title; it appears to me to be a direct contradiction in terms.

E. What, when Pope Alexander VI. and his infamous son Borgia, pillaged Romagna, and poisoned or slew all the nobles of the country, was it not just to arm against these tyrants?

A. Do not you observe that those were the monsters who made war? they who defended their lives and property only maintained it. Certainly, there are no wars in the world but offensive ones. They who take up arms to repel the forcible invaders of their rights and privileges, do not wage war; they only set up a lawful resistance to armed robbers.

E. Sure you are making a jest of me. What, if two powerful nations contest a political right, such as that of legislation, or taxation; if the one claims independency, and the other supremacy; if their pretensions are equally plausible, and nothing but war can decide the dispute, does it not follow that war on both sides is justifiable? And here I am obliged once more to refer to the authority of Grotius.

A. Indeed, my friend, I think you are the jester. It is physically impossible but that one of the parties must be in the wrong; they cannot both be in the right; and it is not only unjust, but barbarous and absurd, that whole nations should perish for the ambition or wrong-headed obstinacy of a few great men in either.

E. I own I am of your opinion, and in such a case should dread the consequences of being the offensive party; but under such delicate circumstances as I have stated; both being supposed to have their dearest rights at stake; what other expedient could you have proposed to have prevented the ravages of war? Perhaps it may not be now too late.

A. An expedient that the pride of nations has but rarely submitted to; yet the divines, legislators, philosophers, and good men of every country recommend it, and admire it in individuals—I mean the arbitration of indifferent parties.

E. What a wild chimera for so great, so powerful, and so wise an empire

pire as that of Great Britain, whose fleets cover the ocean, and whose arms have carried conquest into all quarters of the globe!

A. There again you have recourse to your favourite Grotius, to the law of power; but these are not the principles which characterise British justice, and her boasted love of liberty, civil and religious. I am afraid you are a degenerate race.

E. No reflections, my good puritan, or here ends our conversation: indeed it is high time: but before we part, as I think you have some reason on your side, and that a wild project is better than a bloody one, give me leave to ask you, who you would propose for umpires?

A. The greatest Protestant despot upon earth, but at the same time one of the ablest statesmen. Your old ally, the king of Prussia on your part,

who might carry your ministerial ideas of prerogative, and your parliamentary ones of supremacy to their utmost latitude; and the republic of Holland on ours—whose magistrates, animated by a firm attachment to the democratical form of government, yet limited in their zeal by the experience of some advantages derived from the monarchical, would enable them to distinguish between the intemperate republican spirit of some of our leaders, and the well grounded just claims of the majority of the British Americans.

E. I do not think your expedient so wild as it appeared to be at first. I will transmit it to a friend in London; and if Lord North has not prepared a better during the recess of parliament, I will request him to communicate it to the public, through a well known and approved channel of information. Adieu!

T. M.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

S I R,

THE entertaining memoirs you published of the famous Mademoiselle, or the Chevalier D'Eon, naturally turned my thoughts to the account given by various Biographers of singular and extraordinary personages, who by some very uncommon dissitudes in their lives, or by some strange unaccountable actions, deviating from the usual line of human conduct, have merited a place in such compilations.

The first reflection that occurred to me on this subject was, our general inattention to those literary curiosities; our libraries and booksellers shops are indeed filled with lives and memoirs of illustrious and eminent Britons; but our taste for this entertaining branch of history seems to be too much confined to the great men of our own country; we have many British Biographies, but no good work of this kind, comprehending every eminent, ingenious, and singular character of every age and country; besides, we are so fond of heroes, statesmen, churchmen, and book-makers (if I may be allowed to

include prose-writers and poets under this concise term) that we bestow all our time in perusing their annals, and often overlook in foreign works, those curious lives and memoirs I have in view.

Permit me, Sir, till a complete general Biography appears from the English press, to attempt a new species of entertainment for your readers. It will consist, if you approve my correspondence, of select lives and memoirs of extraordinary personages, whose history either has not been given at all in English, or so imperfectly, that a more satisfactory account may not prove unacceptable, even if the plan answers no other end but that of introducing agreeable variety. In compliment to the fair sex, and as a parallel to some part of the life of Mademoiselle D'Eon, I shall open my budget with the exploits of an Italian shepherdess.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

Norwich, Jan. 3, 1778. CURIOSUS.

SELECT LIVES AND MEMOIRS.

(To be continued occasionally.)

BONNA THE SHEPHERDESS.

BONNA was the daughter of a shepherd of the Valteline, a fruitful valley at the foot of the Alps, and

the grand pass between Italy and Germany. As she was one day guarding her flocks, Peter Brunoro, an illustrious Parmesan general, lost his way near

near the spot where she attended her innocent companions. Brunoro politely accosted the rural maid, to enquire the road, but was so struck with her beauty, and so pleased with her courteous answer, that he dismounted and entered into conversation with the shepherdes. Bonna was no prude and she had wit enough to distinguish a gentleman from a rustic; in short, her vivacity, and a certain air of modest assurance, admirably calculated to hit the taste of an officer, had such an effect upon him, that he fell in love with her, and carried her off. From this time, we are to consider her not as the Arcadian shepherdes, but as Brunoro's mistress.

Finding that she had a bold, masculine spirit, he took great pleasure in dressing her in men's cloaths; and he had the satisfaction to observe, that she was charmed with the frolick! Brunoro soon learned her to manage the fleetest courser, and as he was remarkably fond of hunting, she was always of his party, and acquitted herself to the astonishment of all the cavaliers.

A quarrel happening some time after between Francis Sforza, duke of Milan, and Alphonfus, king of Naples; Brunoro quitted the service of the king his master, and went over to the duke of Milan's party: Bonna his faithful mistress accompanied him, and signalized herself in the first campaign. The difference between the contending parties being accommodated by the interposition of mediators, Brunoro was received again into the service of

Alphonfus, and Bonna was presented to the king as a young Amazon: her talents for war and politics became every day more and more conspicuous; and upon a rupture between the Venetian republic and the duke of Milan, she had the address to negotiate at Venice, the command of the Venetian army, with an appointment of 20000 ducats *per annum* during the war for Brunoro. The general, in gratitude for such signal services, married his benefactress; and after this event, she placed no bounds either to her conjugal affection, or her love of arms. She accompanied her husband wherever he went; and while the general was engaged upon some other service, she headed a detachment, and took the Castle of Pavanou, near Brescia, from the Milanese, by assault.

The senate of Venice honoured her with distinguished rewards; and placing an unlimited confidence in both husband and wife, sent them to the succour of Negropontus attacked by the Turks. They defended this island so ably, that during the time that they commanded, the Turks desisted from all further attempts on the place. Brunoro died in this honourable station, and was buried by the inhabitants with great funeral pomp. Bonna died on her return to Venice at a small town of Morea, leaving behind her two children, and an immortal reputation. A. D. 1466.

* * The life of Demetrius Griska Europica in my next.

ESSAYS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

NUMBER I.

(To be continued occasionally)

*Corpora mellitis putrent, servantur aceto—
Quod mordet sanat, quod placet omne nocet.*

CENSURE and Praise have the same effect on the minds of men, as sweets and bitters, or acids, have upon their bodies. Praise is like honey or sugar, which has a tendency to corruption, and criticism resembles a bitter essence, or a sharp acid, which preserves from putrefaction: for in general, what is sweet and agreeable to the palate vitiates it, while that which bites, restores it. Flattery consequently may be considered as a sweet

poison, and satire as a bitter medicine. The first pleases and kills, the second disgusts and cures.

It is said of Jason the Thessalonian, that an enraged adversary gave him a thrust with a sword, which opened an abscess and cured it. Such is often the effect of censure, and if those who are the proper objects of it would but correct their errors by it, they would have reason to look upon the critic, the satirist, and the comic actor,

as men who have employed their time in taking out stains from a rich suit of cloaths. Let the intention be good or bad, no matter, if the same effect results from it---if bad, we can only say, that sometimes an enemy is better than a friend.

It is related of Hiero, that one of his enemies reproached him with having a stinking breath, upon which he went home, and asked his wife why she had concealed it from him; her reply was full of politeness and complaisance; she said, she imagined all men had the same breath; but Hiero acknowledged, that the rudeness of his enemy was more useful to him than the obliging silence of his wife. Hence it follows, that a flatterer, who appears to be the friend, is in fact the enemy of mankind, and that the censurer, who seems to be the enemy, is the true friend. The first is accounted very polite, for putting a knife into the hands of a madman, who readily receives it; the second is deemed a brute, for snatching it violently out of his hands.

There is in the world, a mixture of good and bad characters; flattery often makes the good bad, while censure converts the bad to good. Thales was asked what beast was the most hurtful; he replied, of all wild beasts the most destructive is a tyrant; of all tame ones, a flatterer. Another philosopher compares men who fall into the hands of flatterers to vases with handles; they are carried about by the ears, wherever you please.

Most eulogiums and panegyrics are like pestilential winds, which blast the wholesome fruits of the earth, and annoy the whole region on which they blow. But exceptions are to be made in favour of those declamations and writings, which are published to celebrate great and good actions, and to excite emulation. Pericles instituted funeral orations at Athens, in honour of those who had sacrificed their lives for the public good, and they were highly useful. The same may be said of Pliny's panegyric; it is edifying, because Trajan merited all that praise could bestow. We may also pass the same judgment in favour of the lives and memoirs of illustrious persons, though too partially penned by their friends; they animate

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the reader to tread in the glorious paths which lead to true renown.

But the misfortune is, that these laudable institutions have degenerated into the most shameful abuses, and it is become the fashion to confer praise on the possessors of titles, rank, power or riches; whether those who hold them are virtuous or vicious, the plagues or the blessings of society. Adulation is in league with selfishness, and levels all distinctions of character. The Crown, the Robe, the Seals, the Wand, the Ribbon and the Purse, no matter who bears them, attract eulogiums. The gay, the volatile, the dissipated, the voluptuous receive the incense of praise, indiscriminately with the most exalted characters that were ever formed by the united efforts of piety, wisdom, modesty, patience and fortitude. The effects of this folly are pernicious in the highest degree, for the worst of men, fancying themselves as good as they ought to be, never think of mending their manners, and are ready to turn morality out of doors.

Indiscriminate satire is not less baneful to society than unmerited praise. There are situations in public life, which require a veil to be thrown over human foibles. The magistrate should never be exposed to ridicule on the bench, the preceptor in the presence of his pupil, nor the parent before his children.

We may then divide all criticism and satire into two classes, that which is lawful and commendable, and that which is pernicious and criminal.

The moral satirist or critic, who attacks the general vices and follies of mankind, is a great benefactor to society. The malignant defamer and calumniator, whose chief aim is to expose individuals to personal and public ridicule, is as dangerous an enemy as the professed flatterer.

In the licentiousness of wit and humour he will often wound the breast of the innocent, rather than lose his jest; like a certain poet called Madera, who calumniated a noble Roman lady, named Fontana; being called to account for his impudent attack on a virtuous woman by Pope Sixtus V. he declared he had no reason for calling her strumpet, but that Putana rhimed to Fontana. The witty pontiff, in the same vein of humour, condemned him

C

to

to the gallies, merely said he, because Gallera is the rhyme to Madera. May all injudicious and wicked satirists, of every denomination, meet with a similar fate; and in the mean time, that your readers may not be tired with a long introductory essay, I shall conclude with informing you, that it is my intention to hold up the mirror of vice and folly to my fellow subjects of both sexes, in a series of lively, instructive essays, in which great care shall be taken to avoid all personalities, and to steer between the two extremes of adula-

tion and ill natured censure. Flattery and scandal are equally detestable, and preaching morality is out of fashion; yet that reformation is wanted all acknowledge; how then shall we attempt it with a probability of success? Our immortal Pope has told us, and in our future essays, his precepts shall be our unerring guide.

Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners, living, as they rise;
Laugh where we may, be candid where we
can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man!

PARLIAMENTARY HISTORY.

A Concise History of the Proceedings of the present Session of Parliament, begun and holden at Westminster, on Thursday the 20th of November, 1777. Being the Fourth Session of the Fourteenth Parliament of Great-Britain.

(Continued from the Appendix to Vol. XLVI. p. 651.)

Tuesday, January 20.

BOTH Houses met pursuant to their last adjournment, and after transacting some common business, the Lords adjourned to the following Friday.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Thursday, Jan. 22.

AFTER receiving reports from committees on private bills, and agreeing to the amendments made in the Mutiny and Desertion bill, Lord Barrington presented several army accounts, which were ordered to be laid on the table; the Speaker was then preparing to adjourn the House, when Sir Philip Jennings Clarke made the following motion:

"That an humble address be presented to his majesty, that an account be laid before the House, of all the forces that have been levied for his majesty's service, since the late recess; and also, that the number of the officers be specified, with the account of the particular departments which they severally filled." After some conversation with regard to the terms wherein this motion was conceived, an amendment was proposed and agreed to, "that the latter part of it, alluding to the number of the officers, &c. should be suppressed."

The motion thus amended, a debate ensued before the question was put, which turned chiefly on the constitutional legality of raising forces in

the kingdom for the service of the crown by subscription, or any other parliamentary mode.

Lord North and his friends did not endeavour to oppose the idea, so much as to shew that the offer to raise men for his majesty's service, at this crisis, was a voluntary declaration on the part of the people, that they approved the measures of government with respect to the American war. It was hinted, that if parliament disapproved either the mode of levying troops by subscription, or the occasion, it would be very easy to put a stop to it, and to disband such forces as were already raised. It was likewise observed, on the part of administration, that the great officers of state had made the use they intended of the long adjournment, by exerting themselves with uncommon vigour in the several departments entrusted to their care, in order to prepare matters for the speedy and satisfactory dispatch of the public business in parliament; and it was said to be a great comfort to his majesty's servants, that the spirit of the nation, instead of being weakened by one of those unfortunate events common to the chance of war, seemed to be roused to fresh vigour, and a resolution to support government; manifested by the most valid indications of patriotic zeal.

Mr. Burke made the principal reply to these remarks, nearly in the following words: "He said he was very ready to admit that voluntary pecuniary donations bore indeed valid testimony of

of a people's loyalty, but that they were proofs equally convincing of a people's poverty. In every capacity, private and public, did we not observe, that either solliciting or accepting help from the benevolence of friends, was the dernier resource of poor pride? it intimated an effort to conceal what appeared more strikingly from the very act. Persons may be mean from choice; naked from madness; but rags discovered an involuntary poverty; a poverty which would be concealed; but the power is wanting. Our collection of scraps from different quarters, was this allegory of penury applied to a state; it discovered our political poverty; our unwilling nakedness. When a bankrupt has recourse to the relief of his acquaintance, what do they suppose? Do they not imagine they are administering temporary nutriment? Nothing that is to supply permanent splendour, or future figure. It was very true that France, in the last war, had been reduced to the necessity of disposing even of their plate: this was justly recorded as a glorious example of national exertion; but it was also a demonstration of their limited finances. The mention of the last war suggested disagreeable thoughts: would to God we were in the situation we enjoyed even at the conclusion of it. Our coffers were now more exhausted, the interest of money more exorbitant, our establishments, English and Irish, on a footing incomparably more disadvantageous, than at the termination of a period that had been filled with war, with battles, and with blood-shed: we were ruined; and what added particular severity to the misfortune was, that all the means that led to it were sanctioned under the name *constitution*: every thing that was done was ascribed to that, and couched under that venerable shelter. The indiscriminate use of such a word put him in mind of Dean Swift's application of the *libertas et natale solum*, phrases which varied with every climate, with every man. The noble lords, who skulked under the apology, *constitution*, should reflect, that the friends to their present principles, that is, the advocates for sovereign power, formerly stood up for tenets that were now exploded, for the doctrine of toryism. A minister should be ashamed to introduce an apology that

rested on principles derogatory to the received opinion, and to the honour of the nation. In mentioning this as an exculpation, it reminded him of an anecdote told of an Egyptian prince—he had been a man devoted to excesses; and the consequence of his dissipation, as is usual, terminated in emergencies from which he could scarcely extricate himself, he fell sick; according to their prevailing superstitions, a variety of nostrums and charms were administered: on his death-bed, his friends surrounded him with astonishment, wondering that he could expire with all these medical anodynes about him; but they could not save him: seventy-two *per cent.* lay at the bottom of his stomach, and he died in spite of every effort to save him. Lord North might as well suppose that his garter would preserve him from the gout—or that the ribbon that decorated his body would expel the *ascites*, or fever, as to imagine that the *charm* of a word would hinder an investigation into his conduct. He likewise made some arithmetical calculations, tending to shew that this mode of raising men for the public service, by what was called a voluntary subscription, would prove very expensive.

Lord Barrington, upon a remark being made, by some member in the opposition, that it was intended to raise regiments of Roman Catholic subjects, declared he had never heard of any such design; that the offers made to government were very great indeed, but that no other forces but such as he had laid an account of before the House, then on the table, would be accepted by his majesty.

Mr. Dunning expressed his apprehensions that nothing of any consequence had been done by the ministry during the recess; and he believed for any thing they had to offer, they might as well adjourn for another six weeks. A kind of thing called a voluntary subscription, it was true, had been artfully contrived and set on foot, but he was at a loss to understand the application of the words in the present case. Voluntary subscription, he said, was synonymous with benevolence; it was the consequence of it, but no such motive could actuate the present subscribers—they were men who lay under pecuniary obligations to government,

ment, and were now compelled to make a parade of gratitude, not of voluntary benevolence : he did not chuse to point out individuals in a general list, but one thing could not escape his notice, that by forming themselves into a committee, they had substituted themselves in the place of parliament upon a most important national concern, for which reason he proposed an amendment in the terms of the subscription by adding in all future advertisements the following words, "and for such uses as the parliament shall think fit."

Colonel Barre moved another amendment to the motion before the chair, by adding these words "and that the uses for which the different corps have been raised, be particularly specified." The question being then put upon the motion so amended, it passed without a division.

Mr. Fox then got up, and after informing the House that he had a motion to make, went back into the subject of the debate on the motion just carried, making it in a great measure introductory to and connected with his intended motion. He contrasted the glory which the British arms had acquired in the last war, with the disgraces which he said had lately attended all our enterprizes ; and observed, that ministers might well wish that the former were forgotten, to prevent the more striking impression which the latter must make on the minds of the people. The minister's boast of general succours being offered from all quarters of the kingdom, was an imposition upon the people, and meant to colour over the most unconstitutional measures with the false gloss of public approbation. But the description of those men from whom such offers came, eluded the intended deception, and glared conviction on administration. Scotland and Manchester were the quarters from which they came ! They supported measures congenial with their own sentiments—the principles of a government similar to that of their idol James the second, and for which he lost his crown ! at this expression *Mr. Fox* was called to order, but he immediately observed that the principles he talked of were those of the people of Manchester and Scotland, not those of the king of Great-Britain. He then adverted to the loss of General Burgoyne's army, and as such

a number of men could not be said to be lost without a fault either in the plan or the execution, or in both, strongly urged the necessity of inquiry into the cause of so great a national loss, for which purpose he moved, "That the instructions given to that general should be laid before the House."

Col. Luttrell attacked *Mr. Fox* for the general national censure he had thrown out against Scotland, and accused him of having declared in his own presence, that he would speak treason, when and where he pleased ; but this accusation relative to a private conversation drew a general murmur of disapprobation from the House.

Lord North was much warmer than usual in his arguments. He urged the strong difference between the government of James the Second, who opposed his parliament, and that of our present gracious sovereign, who is ardently contending for the rights and authority of the other two estates. He made no opposition to the inquiry, but thought it would be improper to begin it whilst the noble Lord, who was the object of it, was prevented by a recent misfortune in his family from attending the House, and in a great measure disqualified from making a proper defence ; but as he would be in his place on Tuesday, recommended it to be deferred till then.

His lordship's opinion met the approbation of *Mr. Fox*, and was agreed to by the House.

Governor Johnstone then took an opportunity of observing, that it was a mode adopted by administration to cast indirect censure on our commanders, when the failure of their own plans brought disgrace and misfortune on our arms. Thus the tardy progress of our forces under Sir William Howe was attributed to inactivity or wilful delay in the commander, with the ungenerous suggestion of his being too fond of the emoluments of his situation to wish it at an end : but the governor, from his own knowledge, contradicted the imputation, and declared that he never knew a man of a more disinterested disposition than our commander in chief.

Mr. Dunning made a distinction between inquiry and accusation. To submit the instructions of General Burgoyne to the inspection of the House, was not laying an accusation before them

them against either the projector or the executor of the plan.

Mr. Rous thought the measure premature, until the arrival of the General; and, though from a particular occasion he had conceived a personal dislike to that officer, yet he should oppose a step which would expose him, however innocent he might be, to the almost indelible impressions arising necessarily from the prejudging his case: for it was universally believed on all sides, that there was a fault somewhere; and, if upon an inspection of the instructions the minister should be declared innocent, it was impossible not to impute criminality to General Burgoyne. The proposition was therefore to the last degree ungenerous.

The Solicitor General argued, that it was unfair to take the matter up so hastily in the absence of Lord George Germaine, and more particularly as it would be time enough to agitate it when the noble lord should arrive, which was to be in so short a time. He declared he spoke no opinion but his own: it was now against the motion; but he was so perfectly free in his determinations, that if on Tuesday any new matter should come out to inform him better, the noble Lord must not be surprized at seeing him divide against him.

The Attorney-General then reminded the House, that there was no question before them, as the subject had been reserved for Tuesday; and *Mr. Burke* supporting the observation, the House adjourned.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Friday, Jan. 23.

The *Earl of Abingdon* moved, that a day should be appointed for a motion he intended to make, intimately connected with the grand enquiry into the state of the nation, and necessary to be discussed before that came on. Tuesday was fixed upon, and as the motion will be found in the business of that day, we omit it here.

The *Duke of Richmond* complained of a defect in the papers from the war office, ordered before the holidays to be laid before the House, and his Grace construed the neglect into a contempt of the House. He observed, that the papers now wanting had been laid before the House of Commons, and intimated a desire that Lord Bar-

rington should be called to the bar, and reprehended for this inattention to the orders of the House.

The *Bishop of Landaff*, uncle to Lord Barrington, apologized for his nephew; remarked that the House of Commons was only yesterday in possession of the papers in question: he had no doubt they would be produced before the House met again, and therefore he thought the censure of neglect premature.

The *Duke of Grafton* desired to be informed, whether in the general enquiry that was soon to be entered upon, the answer to a letter written from General Sir William Howe to Lord George Germaine, containing his Lordship's proclamation to the colonies, was also to be included.

Lord Suffolk replied, that he appealed to the recollection of the House, whether the consent he gave to the motion in question, was not restrained by the reservation of certain conditions. He complied with it, on its first proposal, only on the terms that a discretionary power should be lodged in the ministry, for the suppression of such papers as in their nature were not communicable. The power which he derived from the promise of the House, he thought it necessary at present to exert; and therefore informed his Grace that he would, at any future opportunity, oppose the communication of that reply, as containing what it was neither expedient nor useful for the House to know. The remaining business of the day consisted in conversation, and in the adjusting materials for subsequent enquiries.

Adjourned till Monday.

Tuesday, Jan. 27. The House, in a grand debate upon the propriety of ordering the judges to attend upon the motion of any single peer, came to a determination, in which they were guided by the opinions of the Lord Chancellor and the oldest members, that a convention of the judges, in their judicial capacity, must be by order of the House; therefore Lord Camden proposed that the Earl of Abingdon should withdraw his motion, concerning the legality of the present mode of levying troops by subscription, which stood upon the journals for discussion this day. Lord Abingdon followed this advice, and then desired the House to fix a day for the judges to attend by order

order from the House, to give their opinions on the case; when their lordships were pleased to fix it for Wednesday sennight.

The next business was a motion made by the *Duke of Grafton*, for an humble address to his majesty, to order the proper officers to lay before the House an authentic copy of the letter sent by Lord George Germaine, in answer to General Howe's of the 30th of November, 1776. His Grace explained the motion, by observing, that General Howe's letter inclosed the proclamation of pardon he had published in America, in virtue of his power as a commissioner to make peace with the Americans; and that the letter stated the good effects of the proclamation; yet the amicable intentions of the proclamation, and the good effects of it soon ceased to operate. In what light are we to consider this? If ministry withhold the copy of Lord George Germaine's answer to the General will it not be a fair inference, that this answer tended to impede or obstruct any negotiation for peace; and that they are answerable for the continuance of this destructive war?

The *Earl of Suffolk* was against this motion, because it was unprecedented and inexpedient; the only argument urged in favour of it being---that Lord George Germaine's answer might be supposed to have inflamed matters instead of promoting a reconciliation. In reply to this, his lordship observed, that the answer could not have produced such effects, for in a letter from General Howe which he read, dated three months after the receipt of Lord G. Germaine's--the General mentions, that the Americans from a blind insatiation did not adopt these pacific proffers with the earnestness he had hoped and expected. Thus the only argument for the motion was demonstrably refuted.

The *Duke of Richmond* was not satisfied with this attempt to set aside the motion; he therefore supported it by fresh arguments. His Grace asserted, that the contents of the reply had produced consequences that reflected on our national veracity. An act was formally passed, proposing peace and restoration of commerce to any of the deluded inhabitants of America, that would return to their duty and allegiance; and yet when such submission

as the act required, had been proffered, the persons making it remained in their state of original dependence. Governor Tryon had made amicable advances; the greatest part of the province of New York agreed to acquiesce in the conditions, and some of the inhabitants of the Jerseys; yet the terms, which were peace with the king and restoration of commerce, were not at present enjoyed by them. An act of parliament was a solemn national assertion, and a non-compliance with that act, a violation of national truth. From a regard to the dignity of his country, he would therefore concur in the motion, which, by proper explanation, might transfer the imputation from the people to individuals.

Lord Weymouth replied, that there was plainly, in that act of parliament (which was read to the House) a double division. It was manifestly intimated, that peace was the condition of obedience to every individual--and peace with the king, together with a restoration of commerce, and freedom from restraints, the terms on which bodies and provinces were to enjoy their allegiance. The inhabitants of New-York, or the Jerseys, who had returned to their duty, were in present possession of the conditions offered to individuals--they were at peace with the king--but it could not be conceived that a part of a collective body should solely enjoy immunities that were the peculiar right of the whole; they could not be restored to their commerce, being but the inferior part of an assembly--so that, construing the act according to that fair interpretation it admitted, the nation had not violated its veracity. General Howe had plainly suggested the cause of their apparent breach of word, when he informed them, that it would not be safe to expose these places, by a pacific restoration to their commerce, to a possible communication with other places yet in hostilities--which assertion was communicated, previous to that wherein he had mentioned that the majority of inhabitants in these provinces discovered a disposition for obedience.

A few words more passed upon the occasion, which turned upon the old subject of the quarrel between Great-Britain and her colonies at large, and then the question being put, it was rejected without a division.

ANECDOTE

A N E C D O T E.

A Gentleman of large fortune purchased a very fine garden, and had the following inscription placed over the door: "This garden shall be given to the man, who can prove that he is perfectly happy and satisfied." The only method he could possibly take to prevent giving it away, though his inscription seemed to promise it. One day as he was walking in it, a young stranger came up to him, accosted him,

and asked for the master of the garden. Sir, said the gentleman, I am the owner, what are your commands with me? I am come, replied the stranger, to take possession of this beautiful spot, for no man upon earth is more happy and contented than myself—No, no, resumed the gentleman, if you were thoroughly satisfied, you would not seek for the possession of my garden.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF AVARICE.

A Rich merchant of Lyons lately deceased, who for some years before his death had retired from business, grew so miserable in his advanced age, that he discharged all his servants to save the expence of their wages and board; but having kept some of the men's liveries; in order to preserve appearances, and make his neighbours believe he still kept a foot-

man, he cut off a sleeve from one of the liveries, put it on his right arm, and used to throw out dirty water from the window of an upper story with the arm thus cloathed. One of his discharged domestics also declared, that before he left him, when he had a great way to walk upon any business, he used to borrow his shoes to save his own.

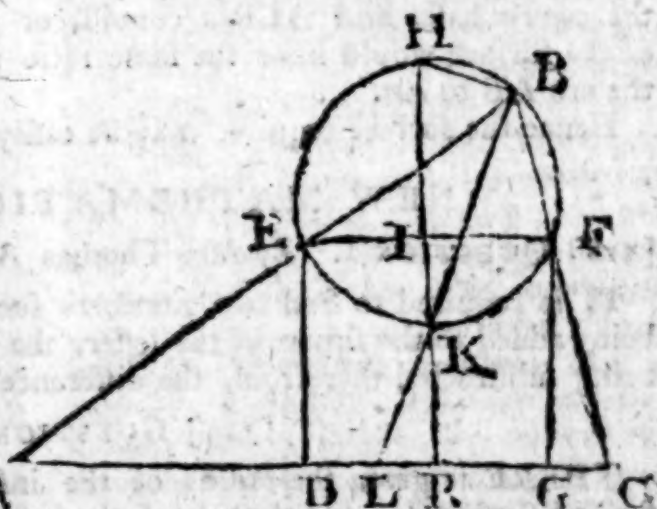
MATHEMATICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Answers to the Questions in our Magazine for November last.

[112.] QUESTION I. *We have received no Answer to this Question from Correspondents, except from the Proposer, but hope they will consider it by the next Month, when such Solutions as come to Hand will be inserted.*

[113.] QUESTION II. *Answered by the Proposer.*

Const. On EF, the side of the inscribed square, let a segment of a circle be described to contain the given vertical angle, compleat the square EFGD, \parallel to FG draw RKIH bisecting the sides of the square in R and I, and cutting the circle in K and H, divide the given bisecting line into two parts (by 17 V. Simp. Geo.) so that their rectangle be $=$ HKR, apply the greater part (if KH be greater than KR, if otherwise the lesser) from K, cutting the periphery of the circle in B, draw ABEA and BFC, produce DG to meet them in A and C, and ABC is the triangle.

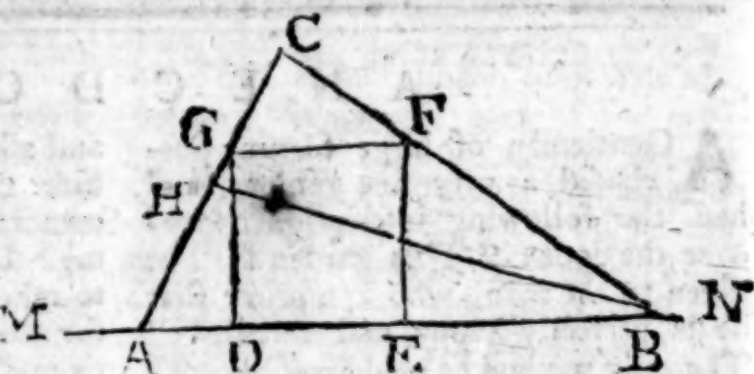


Dem. The square EFGD and angle ABC are the given square and angle by const. and because the triangles HBK and LRK are similar, therefore $HK : LK :: KB : KR :: HKR = BKL$, but BK is $=$ to one of the segments of the bisecting line, \therefore KL is the other, and BL $=$ to the given line. Q. E. D.

There will be three cases to this problem, as the point K is above, coincides with, or falls below R, and the bisecting line must not exceed HR.

The same otherwise by Mr. Ryley.

On the indefinite line MN take $DE =$ the side of the given square, make the $\angle EFB$ the complement of the vertical \angle meeting MN in B, bisect the $\angle EBF$, with the right line $BH =$ the given bisecting line, compleat the square, and thro' the points G and H draw the right line AHGC, cutting MN in A, and BF produced in C, and ABC will be the triangle required.



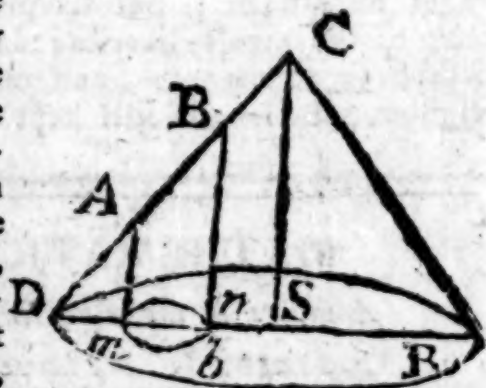
The above is too evident to need a demonstration.

We were favoured with elegant solutions by the first method from Mr. George Sanderfon, Mr. Bonnycastle, Mr. Merritt, Mr. Henry Whitehead, pupil to Mr. R. Taylor, of Hollinwood, near Manchester; Caput Mortuum, and Mr. Reuben Robbins. Mr. Whitehead sent us a construction by the second method, when the square insists on one of the sides, and observes that it fails when the vertical angle is obtuse.

[114] QUESTION III. *Answered by Mr. Serjeant Snapp, of Portsmouth Common, addressed to Miss Bevan, the Proposer.*

Left you, my dear Miss, should think me a dunce,
I'll collect all my force, and oblige you for once.

Let DCR be the cone of butter; *mnb* the orthographic projection of the globe, or any other solid that may be proposed upon the base of the cone; and let the section CDS revolve about CS the cone's axis, intersecting the projection in *nm*, and the surface of the cone in AB; then a plane, touching the cone's surface in AB will meet the base of the cone produced, in a right line perpendicular to *nm*, and therefore *mn* will always have the same ratio to AB, that the radius of the base has to the side of the cone, and the same proportion holds good in every part of the revolution of the plane CDS; consequently all the elementa *nm*, or the whole projection *mbn* will be to all the elementa AB, or the required surface, as DS to DC.



Corollary. If *nm* was the breadth of a ring, or circular space concentric with the cone's base, and ACR a conoid, or other upright solid, the requisite part of the surface would have the same ratio to the area of the ring as the length of the arc AB to *mn*.

Hence the surface required may be easily found in numbers.

NEW MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS.

[118] QUESTION I. *By Mr. Thomas Atkinson, of Dunholm, near Lincoln.*

IT is required to find two numbers such, that the cube root of the greater being added to the square of the lesser, the sum shall be equal to the greater, and being subtracted therefrom, the difference shall equal the lesser.

[119] QUESTION II. *By A.*

THERE is given the radius of the inscribed circle, the diameter of the inscribed semicircle, and the side of the inscribed square, insisting on the same side of a plane triangle, to determine the triangle.

[120] QUESTION III. *By Mr. Ralph Taylor.*

Let AB be the diameter of a given circle, BD a tangent at the point B, in which let BC be taken always equal to the chord BR; it is required to find the nature, area, and rectification of the curve, which is the locus of the point P, the middle of the line joining C R; as also the content of the solid, generated by the rotation of the curve round its axis.

FEMALE VIRTUE and GREATNESS displayed in Principle and Conduct.

(Continued from our last Volume page 553.)

NO letter did this produce: he found means to know his brother was well, and continued to write to his aunt and his father. After waiting two months he received from London, a letter from a Dutch gentleman, enclosing one from an unknown hand, and without a name, wherein was wrote, "I saw your brother yesterday, he is well, but says he cannot write as yet, but designs to be home in a month or two, if he can get his father's consent, which he has been trying hard for these four or five months, but cannot obtain. He is very lively, and Jack Trenchard yet. I wish he had more of his brother's solidity, but hope his wild oats are mostly sown in Holland, and will never spring up in England. I am a stranger to your person, though not to your character, which for the honour of my country I am rejoiced to find is very respectable here. Dr. Du Pont has often spoke of you to me with great respect, and so has Mr. Du Halde, Mr. Van Spendt, and the two Mr. Van Dirks. I wish you an increase of personal and conjugal felicity, and am, Sir, with esteem

Your respectful

Humble servant,

Leyden.

H. S."

Mr. Trenchard thought it very odd in his brother to refuse writing, and yet to speak of his affairs to strangers in such a way as should induce another to write. However, he kept all his thoughts of this kind to himself, not chusing to say any more about his brother or any of his relations to his wife. Mrs. Trenchard wrote sometimes to Mrs. Wilson and to Katy Nelson, who also wrote to her. By them she learnt that Mr. John Trenchard was expected home in the beginning of the next year; that Sir William and Mrs. Masham were very friendly, and that the latter was impatient for Mr. John's return; that Sir William never said any thing before them about Mr. Trenchard or his wife, and that madam had bemoaned the want of Nancy to do her best nice work, and wished they would get her to recommend some neat hand to work for her. Mrs. Tren-

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chard wrote them back, that if Mrs. Masham wanted any thing done, she was ready to do it for her. Mrs. Wilson delivered this message to that lady, who was charmed with the goodness and humble spirit of the offerer; and to show herself not insensible, sent her an apron, handkerchief, cap and ruffles to work for her. Mrs. Trenchard did them, and sent them to Mrs. Wilson, who gave them to the lady, and she gave Mrs. Wilson twenty guineas to pay for them; but the latter saying she dare not send them, for if Mr. Trenchard knew it, he would be offended, Madam Masham sent the value in a curious set of china for the mantle piece. Mr. Trenchard and his wife lived at her father's until the year was up, and till she was recovered of her lying-in with her first child, which being a daughter Mr. Trenchard had named Frances Anna. He was very much delighted with and fond of the infant. His wife, contrary to the reigning mode, joining the nurse to the mama, he had it always at hand to divert him: but this addition to the family occasioning another, that of a maid to attend it, he thought it best to remove to a house by themselves; and as his father had taken no kind of notice of him, nor had his aunt or brother, he thought it in vain to expect any alteration in their conduct; and there being a pretty spot of ground, and a neat genteel house to be lett on lease about five miles from C----n, he went and viewed it, found it answer his taste, commanding a pleasant prospect, and incircled with an agreeable neighbourhood. He fixed on it, Mrs. Trenchard consenting, upon a lease of seven years, at seventy pound sterling per annum. Thither they soon removed. It had a handsome pleasure and kitchen garden, a fish pond, and all conveniencies for a country retreat. The presents made by Sir James Parker, Lady Parker, Lady Willoughby, Miss Spence, Miss Amherst, Miss Harmel, with what Lady Trenchard had given Nancy, nearly furnished the rooms; Mrs. Trenchard supplied the rest from the legacy of fifty guineas Mr. Trenchard

D

chard sent her as that lady's: and now, as Mr. Trenchard used always after to say, they "began the world." The family at first consisted of Mr. Trenchard, his wife, little Nancy, a maid, his servant Frank, another whom he hired for a gardener, and a groom. Miss Dolly Pelham chiefly resided with them, and was a great help to her sister, and her sprightly conversation was very pleasing to Mr. Trenchard. About this time his brother returned from Leyden: they heard of it, and expected he would visit them; but weeks and months passed, and no sight of him, nor any message or letter was received. Mrs. Trenchard was grieved for her husband, and would have sent to welcome his return, and invite him to their lodge; but Mr. Trenchard would by no means make such a stoop to a younger brother. They frequently heard of him as visiting at Masham place, as being engaged in parties of pleasure, and always very gay and making a genteel appearance. Mrs. Harmel, visiting Mrs. Trenchard, told her, "that she had been several times in company with Jack Trenchard, and had seen him always at the assembly, and once asked him when he heard from his brother? that he replied, 'O Madam, not this age!' sighed and turned away immediately: by this she judged he was under old Will's thumb, and dare not act or speak himself; but then she thought he might speak his mind to Mrs. Wilton, or some one else. The old man, cunning as he was, could not divine, she said, and if Jack had any feelings, he would vent them. But he was so gay, she did not believe he could feel for any body, nor himself neither, a quarter of an hour at a time. But, said she, he is generous, and the family all love him." Soon after Mr. Trenchard removed to L——n, he received a bank note of 800 and another of 50 pound, with a letter telling him the smallest note was for the first quarterly payment of 200l. a year, which would be sent him by a friend of his mama's, untill his father made proper provision for him. The largest was to buy the house, in case he inclined to have it, or otherwise to pay for the rent of it. Mr. Trenchard knew not the hand, nor could he find out who his benefactor was: all he

found out was, that it came from London, but he could gain no light, though he was assiduous to know from whom it came.

In this sweet retirement they had lived two years without seeing any of the Trenchard family, except some of the domestics, for Katy Nelson had been several times, and Mrs. Wilton twice to see them. Sir John Holt and his lady made them a visit of a month; and their daughter, Miss Holt, spent a summer with them. Mr. Trenchard was easy and contented: the ingenious conversation he enjoyed with his acquaintance, the satisfaction he took in his studies, the innocent amusements of his garden, the more tender ones in his infant daughter, and above all the delight he had in his wife, rendered this retirement eligible. His most intimate friends at W——n B——h frequently visited him, and once in a quarter, the literary club, of which he was the head, met at his house as they used to do while he lived at the manor: some of them indeed never went, viz. Piercet, Aston, Hallet, and Goff, they thinking, with the crowd, that he had demeaned himself and family by his match. But Mr. Denham, son to Sir John, and the others continued the same respect to him. They were earnest with him to go to W——n B——h, and thought as he was before so well respected there, and had now many friends, that he did wrong in keeping away from his native town. But neither he or his wife could think of going there, while they were shut out of the house where he was born, and which it was probable he must possess: it would affect them too much, and no doubt add to Sir William's disgust. Mrs. Trenchard, about two years after their marriage, fell into a weak state, and was advised, by her physicians, to make use of the Bath waters. Accordingly, she went there in the spring and staid the season, Miss Amherst accompanying her. Mr. Trenchard went once or twice a week to see her; while there, it happened that Sir William went with his sister and son John to spend a month, not knowing that Mr. Trenchard and his wife were there, though Madam Masham knew it, and was in hopes it might give occasion to begin a reconciliation; but she said nothing of this to her brother

ther or her nephew. After these had been there a few days, several persons asked Sir William if he had seen his son and daughter? he replying that he never had since they were married, was told they were in the city. It was unpleasing to him that he was there at the same time, and he would have gone away, but Mrs. Masham insisted on his tarrying, as he went to wait on her. Often was he obliged to hear in company their just praise celebrated. What a happy couple they were: what an accomplished mind Mrs. Trenchard had: how politely she treated every body: how modest, how prudent she behaved: how well beloved by all the parish at E——n, by all the village of L——n. What an œconomist she was; that they lived genteely, were always ready to receive visitors, and yet nothing of extravagance was seen about her person or her entertainment. While these things were said by the gentlemen, the ladies would add in praise of Mr. Trenchard, that he was very tender of, and complaisant to, his wife; and indeed was a pattern to all husbands. Dr. Newton once being present, who was Mrs. Trenchard's physician, when these things were said, added, that if the ladies would take pattern by Mrs. Trenchard, they would oblige the men to be respectful and affectionate; for it was impossible but such a character as hers would command and secure esteem from every one who had judgment to discern and prize real worth. A man must be a brute who did not treat such a woman well. During these observations Mrs. Masham always looked pleased, though as her brother was by, she said no more than that she was glad to hear it, and when the ladies extolled Mr. Trenchard, she told them she was much obliged to them for their good opinion of her nephew. Mrs. Masham was a polite lady, but was cautious of giving umbrage to her brother. She, however, wished she might fall into company with her nephew and niece, when Sir William was not with her. He was silent whenever they were spoke of, and seemed vexed, but he had more good-manners than to resent. Mrs. Trenchard hearing they were in town, chose rather to debar herself the pleasure of going into public company, than give offence to them

by meeting them, kept pretty much at home (she lived at Mr. Briscow's) so that she never saw them, except Mr. John Trenchard once at church, but he had not seen her for so many years (and she and he were young when he went to Holland) that he scarce knew her; but asking a gentleman who sat next him, who that lady in black, in such a seat, was, and being told it was Mr. Trenchard, of L——n's, lady—he made his compliments to her, when she came out of church, and asked after her health and his brother's? but could say no more, as she was stepping with Miss Amherst and her cousin Briscow, into Mr. Briscow's coach. Little as this instance of his regard was, Mrs. Trenchard took it kindly, and made the most of it. Glad of any thing that would show the least affection to her husband, she told him of it as soon as he came the next morning to her. But Mr. Trenchard said there was nothing in it but a ceremonious compliment. Indeed, my dear, said she, his eyes said a hundred kind things during that half minute. Mr. Trenchard smiled to see how ready she was to believe well of every one, however they slighted her. Mrs. Trenchard excused herself from all visits. Mr. Trenchard said he was as willing to meet his father, aunt, and brother, as ever he was, and he did not decline any invitations on that account; but as Mrs. Trenchard said she could not bear to meet them first in company, it would affect her too much, and perhaps ruffle them—he did not chuse to go without her, and so they never happened to meet. Here it may be proper to mention Mrs. Trenchard's sentiments, and practice on the head of diversions. To cards and such amusements she had a great aversion. She thought it a vain mispence of time, a destroyer of profitable conversation, and a weakner of the mind: it tended to enervate the vigour of thought, and prevented rational improvement. She was never allowed, while young, to play; and though when she lived at the manor, she sometimes, out of complaisance to her young acquaintance, gave her hand at a game of whist; yet she did it in such a way as showed she only intended it as a compliment. But when Miss Collet, Miss Harmel, Miss Brice, Miss Rolfe and she were

by themselves, she always declined it, and her pleasant way of dissenting would always divert their design; and indeed, as they had ingenuity enough to own to Madam Butler after she had left the town, they had not been long acquainted with her before they found she had a fund within herself to entertain her friends, far surpassing the idle amusement of a game, and they had for a long time laid the use of cards aside whenever Miss Pelham was present to improve their vacant hours. It was frequently said to each other, "who would change an hour of Amanda's conversation for an hour at a gaming table!"

As to dancing she was not very fond of it, yet as it was a healthful exercise, and Mr. Trenchard loved to dance, and to see her dance, she complied when in company occasionally. Neither assemblies nor public concerts were agreeable to her taste, yet as she judged it proper for persons of figure, occasionally, to make a public appearance, and none were obliged to go when they did not chuse it—if the conversation was innocent, and the company well bred, she thought her connection with Mr. Trenchard called her to conform. But when she went, she always retired early.

It was said in the beginning of this book, that Sir William kept up family prayers; by that we know that Mr. Trenchard and his wife were always used to family worship. Mr. Pelham

was very exact in this point, and while they resided there, they always joined with him. On their going first to L——n, Mrs. Trenchard observing the first evening, that Mr. Trenchard spoke of retiring, though he said nothing about calling in the servants: asked him if he did not intend to have them called in to prayers? He said, he thought not to night. She was grieved and replied, pray, Sir, do not let your servants think that we can keep house without religious observances. He was bashful, and declined to call them in, saying, "some time hence will be better." She, determined to break the snare, intreated him to consider who had established them as a family; who built their house; who they depended on for further mercies, and what a character was given of those who forgot to own these obligations; and told him she apprehended "that true modesty was a guard set against vice, but never against any virtuous conduct: therefore he would be pleased to consider whether what hindered him in the performance of a plain duty, was not a semblance of modesty without reality." Why should he be ashamed any one should know he practised himself, what he approved in others? Her persuasions and reasonings had that effect on him she wished; he hearkened, considered, and complied, and from that night never omitted family devotion—let their company be ever so grand or gay!—

[To be continued.]

MEMOIRS OF A YOUNG MAN OF FASHION.

WITHOUT thinking of it—is the motto of the polite world.—They speak, act, form connections, quarrel, laugh, cry, are well bred, or impertinent, entertaining, or tiresome by fits alternately, without giving themselves the trouble to think about the matter.

Yet, this general thoughtlessness is often attended with the most fatal, and universally, with bad consequences.

The history of young Bellmont affords a striking proof, that even the common affairs of life, when transacted without thought, may prevent a man from being happy, during the whole course of it.

Bellmont passed the days of early youth in the country, under the care of his aunt Amelia, having lost his parents

soon after his birth. This lady, one of the most accomplished of the age, gave him all the education, which a limited genius, and a natural levity of disposition were capable of receiving. From her hands, he was ushered into the great world, by companions a few years older than himself, as soon as he had attained to manhood; these bloods of quality who had the reputation of the *bon ton*, found no defects in Bellmont, but on the contrary, every requisite for the *scarvoir vivre*—the knowledge of life—in their way. He was, *without thinking of it*, superficial, capricious, extravagant, a fop, and a seducer of weak, vain girls. His triumphs were rapid, he became the model of taste in dress, and excited the envy of every new member

of the *scavoir vivre* fraternity. No wonder, for his manners were agreeable; his address prejudiced you in his favour at first sight; his wit and repartee were easy and elegant; in fine, he was what the gay circle of both sexes call a very pretty fellow, without bestowing a thought on what they mean by the term.

In his person he was handsome, and he had an assuring air, by some called effrontery, by others, modest assurance, which approached so near to personal bravery, that it often passed for it, till a tame acquiescence in the grossest insults stamp'd his character as a coward. However, the bold semblance of courage added a varnish to his good qualities, and threw a veil over his defects. Almighty love was at first the ruling passion, his time passed away insensibly between dress and women, and disgust followed close upon satiety, without his once entertaining a thought that any species of pleasure could cloy. Tired of this course of life, the worn out rakes of the *ton* invited him to try the pleasures of the luxuriant banquet and the bottle, but these were only to be the snares to gaming—for the same magnificent edifices that are erected contiguous to the palace of our kings, to the disgrace of our national character—in which the makers of our laws, are the shameless, open violators of them—are contrived to answer the three glorious purposes of gluttony, drunkenness and gambling. To these profane altars, our victim was led, by three or four noble sharpers, who lived upon him for some time, and then drained his purse by the help of superior skill in cards and dice.

Ruined without once thinking that it was possible, much less that it was probable, poor Bellmont found himself left indigent and alone in the midst of a gay world, the object of universal contempt—connections that are formed without reflection, are destroyed in the same manner; his choice friends, as he used to call them, abandoned him as soon as his fortune was dissipated.—Luckily, for the moment, his want of thought preserved him from the common remedy of fools and cowards—he did not think of it, or a pistol would have put a period to his misfortunes and to these memoirs.

It would have been suitable to his

rank to have married a woman of fortune; to have obtained a regiment, and by these steps to have supported the dignity of his name and family: but Bellmont never thought of these noble manœuvres, till it was out of his power to accomplish them; and no longer able to bear the sad reverse of fortune, under the eyes of those who had been witnesses of his former éclat, he returned privately to his aunt;—determined to console himself in rural retirement for the misfortunes he had met with in the vicinity of St. James's.

A dejected air, a reserved address, and a hired carriage sufficiently announced to the sensible Amelia, the disasters that had befallen her nephew. She spared him the confusion of confessing his errors, and with sincere affection and true delicacy, only asked him, if he had not contracted some debts. Bellmont replied, that he owed 10,000*l.* Your faults, resumed the generous Amelia, have proceeded only from the levity of your mind: they are pardonable, since the heart has had no concern in them. I will pay the 10,000*l.* and re-establish your fortune; but promise me for the future, to do nothing without reflection—he promised, but without thinking of the difficulty of performance.

A young lady, a distant relation, resided with Amelia; Belinda was her name; an animated air, a lively wit, a cheerful temper, a genteel shape, eyes full of fire, and a complexion that denoted florid health, all conspired to make Bellmont forget his promise; he fell in love with Belinda without thinking of it—but lovers seldom think—the lady as carelessly encouraged his suit, and Amelia gave their mutual passion the sanction of her approbation; yet none of them reflected on the probable consequences of the union.

The two lovers did not long delay their nuptials; and Amelia gave them sufficient to live upon, but not enough for English luxury. A taste for gay society however returned with the restoration of easy circumstances, and a friend in an unlucky hour proposed a trip to Paris, where an indulgence in the fashionable amusements of life would be less expensive.

Hitherto Bellmont had only admired fresh charms in his wife, but at Paris he discovered the latent seeds of coquetry,

ry, which were soon brought to maturity by French culture. Belinda visibly grew cooler and cooler to her husband, and every day added to her passion for dress, trinkets, and adulation. In a word, he grew jealous, because he was not beloved; he ceased to love, because she gave him reason to be jealous; and he wanted to be separated, because he found that he had married *without thinking of it*. But he could not accomplish an amicable divorce, unless he submitted to the following conditions—to pay off her debts, and to allow her a genteel annuity. He therefore called together his wife's creditors, when the milliner gave him a bill of 40,000 crowns, the mercer one of 30,000, the jeweller another of 100,000, and sundry inferior tradesmen presented considerable demands. In these unhappy circumstances, he preferred the disgrace of keeping his wife, and Belinda from that moment set no bounds to her infidelities to support her extravagance; and she carried her insults to her husband so far, as to speak of him with utter contempt in all companies. Tired out at length with such treatment, the unfortunate Bellmont took refuge once more with his benevolent aunt, who bitterly reproached herself for the part she had had in this match for want of thought.

Belinda died soon after, of a malignant fever, occasioned by excess of fatigue, having been up all night at different assemblies twice or three times a week in a very severe winter. Just before her death, a rich farmer general, to whom Bellmont had been recommended on his first arrival at Paris, and who had always professed the most disinterested regard for him, paid all her debts and boasted publicly, that it was for value received.

Bellmont received the news of his happy deliverance with extasy; but he had not long remained a widower before he entered into a second matrimonial engagement from the same foible to which he had always been a dupe. The amorous glances of a comely widow ensnared him, and without thinking of her age, for she was on the verge of fifty, he married her. This lady had too much affection for him, her endearments grew troublesome, and he found that he had mistaken a grosser passion for love: he behaved to her with great po-

liteess, respect and assiduity; but alas! this was not at all that this new bride expected from him. Disappointment and chagrin produced a conflict in her constitution between the jarring passions which terminated in her death; and Bellmont found himself in possession of a fine estate in virtue of this marriage; but the heirs at law disputed his title; he employed the ablest advocates to defend his right; but the judges, *without thinking deeply* on the merits of the cause, decided it against him, and he lost the estate while he was buoyed up with the hopes of keeping it. He now returned for the last time to his affectionate aunt, determined to indemnify himself in the company of this good lady, for the perfidy of his friends; the infidelities of his first wife; the importunities of the second; the loss of his estate; and his own want of thought. But it was too late, he only arrived in time to close the eyes of his constant benefactress, who expired in his arms, leaving him her sole heir. Bellmont had the finest feelings, with all his want of thought; his grief was proportioned to his great loss, and now sufficiently disgusted with the world, he began to think seriously of some arrangement for the remainder of his days. The idea struck him, of living upon his estate, but the house was old and out of repair. A plan was shewn him for building a new one; it pleased him much, and without thinking of it, he embarked in this mad design. The income of his estate was absorbed in building the new mansion, which when finished, was so sumptuous, and so far exceeded the estimates given in to him when he began, that he was obliged to sell both house and land to pay the builder; and to retire on a slender life annuity to a small country town in another county.

The disparity of manners between him and the only company he could keep in this place, gave him a taste for solitude and its companion *reflection*. He became a philosopher, and for the remainder of his life thought only of the time he had lost, the wealth he had squandered, and the opportunities of happiness he had missed for want of thought.

When wisdom is thus purchased at the expence only of sensual gratifications, a good bargain is made, *without thinking of it*.

REFLECTIONS, BY A LADY.

ON CENSURE.

THERE is nothing more common than for people to rail at those faults in others, for which they are the most remarkable themselves; without considering, that their censures often reflect home.

Thus—crooked Cynthia sneering says,
That Florimel wears iron stays,
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Whispers that Sappho's hair is red;
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SWIFT.

But granting we have not the same faults we condemn; we are not certain but that we have others equally censurable: at least, the person who takes a delight in exposing the imperfections of others, shews his own heart to be a stranger to generosity.—To enjoy the pleasures of society, we must not be too nice in our remarks; there are few so abandoned, but they have some virtues as well as vices; we should take the good with the bad, and not turn always to the worst side of a character. We ought never to give our opinion of people on a superficial acquaintance; as the greatest qualities of the head and heart are often obscured by some little foolish singularity, which at first sight creates a disgust that is not easily got over. We are too often prejudiced against a thing before we have given ourselves time to examine it, and blame more through pride and arrogance than reason.

I cannot quit this subject, without taking notice of a set of women, who having past their youth and bloom without possessing any merit themselves, presume to be judges of it in others. There is not a motion, action, nor the minutest article in your person or dress which escapes their criticism: when they visit, it is not out of friendship or affection, but to criticize and remark upon each others dress and behaviour; the observations they make at one house serve them as a topick of conversation at another; and after they have exhausted all their malice on the absent, they sit down and quarrel with each

other over a card table. I would sooner live in a desert where the trace of a human foot was never seen, than be obliged to pass under a daily examination by a knot of these female censurers.

ON PRIDE.

PEOPLE would never affect a haughty carriage, if they were sensible how agreeable a little affability made them; nor would they imagine, as they too often do, that an imperious behaviour gives them an air of grandeur and importance, if they knew that it is a certain indication of a little soul and low education. Mean people in power are always insolent, and expect to be treated with unusual deference and ceremony: this is the most unlucky step they could take, as it generally produces an inquiry into their pretensions to respect, which are found to be as false as their behaviour is odious.

There is but one kind of pride that is justifiable, that is, to be above doing any little mean action yourself, or countenancing vice in others, in whatever character it may appear—the more exalted, the more to be despised.

Poverty and ignorance may often plead an excuse; many a poor wretch is betrayed through them, to do things which their souls abhor, and are treated by the world with the greatest rigour and severity; when perhaps in reality, they are objects which merit its utmost compassion. But what can be said of those who have the advantage of fortune and education? They have nothing to plead in their defence, and their guilt can only arise from depravity of sentiment—the woman of fashion who acts in derogation to virtue, is by far more despicable than the common prostitute. Rank and title, instead of concealing, place vice in a more conspicuous light.

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contemptible. There are others who seem to mistake rudeness for sincerity, and will say the most disobliging things in the world, because, as they tell you, they love to speak their thoughts; though truth should never be neglected, there is no necessity to speak it at all times. A well bred man may have his prejudices, but he will never let them appear to give pain to another. A blush from the offended party, be it either from shame or resentment, is the severest reproach that can be made you. Truth, like Beauty, requires the aid of dress, and appears the most amiable when most concealed—to shew her naked would only shock the delicacy of those you would convince—there is a medium between flattery and rudeness: we may behave with politeness without forfeiting our sincerity. The so much boasted frankness of some people, is as often the result of vanity as the love of truth; I speak as I think, I flatter nobody, are expressions often made use of; but what necessity is there for you to speak at all, or to give your thoughts till they are called for? I think Asotus a fool and a coxcomb; he fancies himself a wit; to what purpose should I tell him that he is deceived in his opinion? I might make him my enemy, but I never should convince him of his folly: he might call my understanding in question, but would not doubt his own. Though I would wish to have people behave with good manners, I would by no means be thought to recommend the practice of dissimulation; so far from it, that I think sincerity the first and greatest of all moral virtues; and where that is wanting, all other virtues are useless. The person who would deceive you in trifles, would betray you in things of more consequence. The only sure way not to be deceived is to trust nobody, at least till you thoroughly know them. Can you blame

another for betraying your secret, when you could not keep it yourself?

ON FUTURE EXPECTATIONS.

THERE is a sweet enthusiastic melancholy that sometimes steals upon the soul—even thought itself is for a while suspended, and every scene in nature seems to wear an image of the mind. How delightful are the sensations at such a time! though felt, they cannot be described; it is a kind of anticipation of those pleasures we are taught to expect hereafter: the soul seems intirely abstracted from every earthly idea, wrapped up in the contemplation of future happiness. Ask yourself in one of these moments, what there is in this world that is worth a thought; and you will answer nothing: its greatest sublunary pleasure is but as a dream, and vanishes like a shadow: this should convince us more than any thing, that there is a future state: our souls were formed to taste higher delights, more refined sensations than any thing in this life can excite; and something from within tells us we shall one day enjoy them—else why these ideas—why these expectations—of what use would be those noble sentiments, with which the mind is sometimes impressed; if we were only to act an insignificant part for a few years in this life, and then sink into nothing? No, there must be a future state, and that immortal!

Reflect on this, and think ere tis too late,
How short a space may terminate your fate.
To morrow—or to night may be your last,
Then stay the fleeting minutes as they pass;
Nor idly let them go neglected by,
For every one leads to eternity.

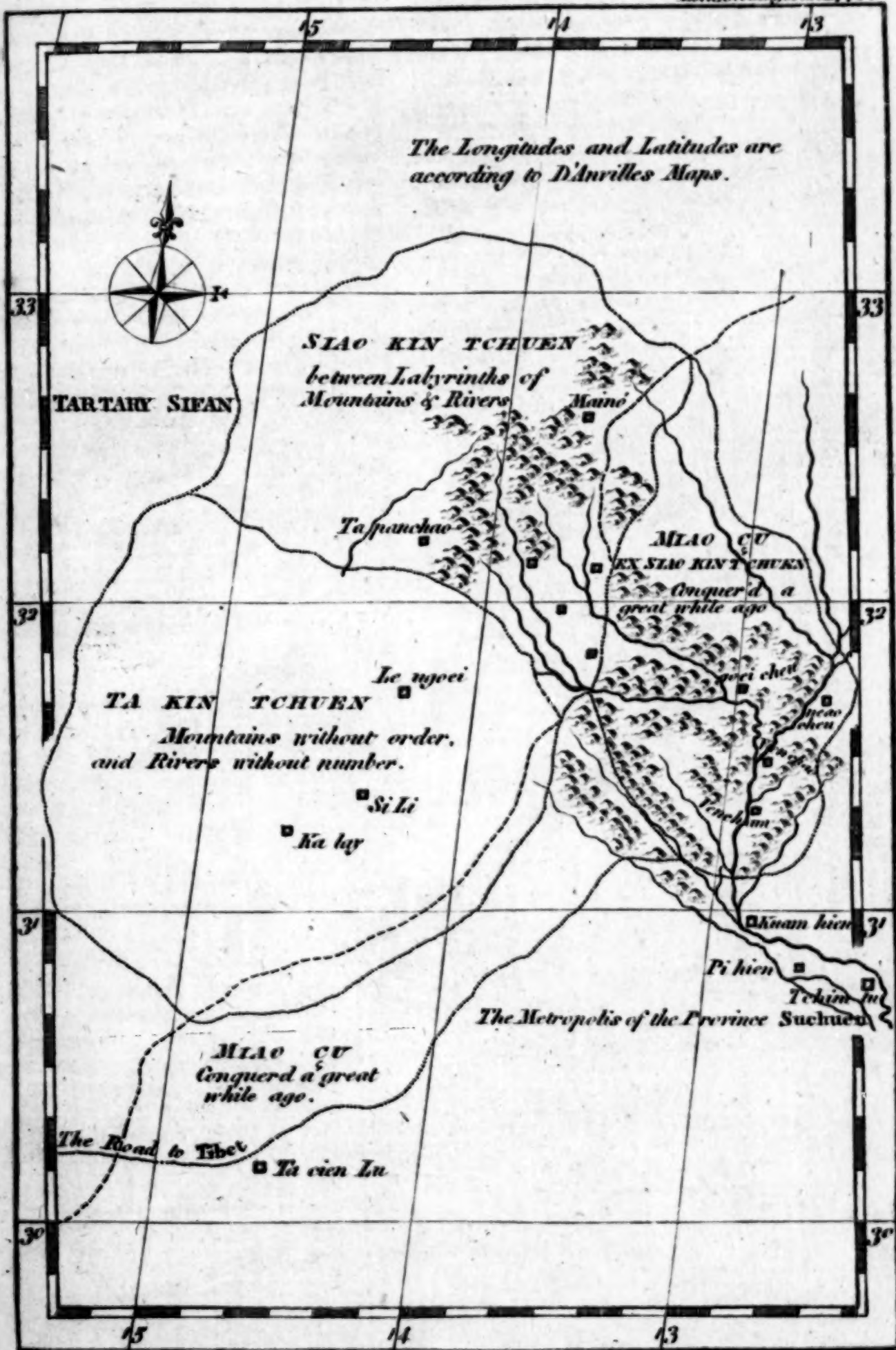
Whether you think or not, the time draws
near,
The awful time! when we must all ap-
pear,
And answer for each ill spent moment } [here.]

FROM AN ITALIAN AT PEKIN.

THE following authentic extract from a very curious letter written by an Italian at Pekin, to his friend an English gentleman residing at Canton, in the service of the honourable the East India company, accompanied with a drawing of the conquered kingdom, has been kindly communicated to us by a correspondent.

We have subjoined a translation, but as the Italian is remarkably elegant, we thought it a piece of justice due to its merit, to prefix the genuine copy.

— *Le notizie di questa capitale, non mi pare, che interessino molto gli signori Europei, che restano in Cantone: e per questo e per altri motivi non mi delungo*





delungo a scriverli. Sapranno per altro che la guerra del Siao Kin Ciuan, o sia de montani del Su Ciuan, fu totalmente terminata nello scorso Aprile; il re, con le regine, figli, famiglia; e grandi tutti furono condotti in questa Capitale, e presentati ieri 15 del corrente a quest' imperatore; il quale condanno tutti ad essere tagliati in pezzi; per vendicare (come loro dicono) il sangue d' un genero del Imperatore, che fu ucciso in detta guerra. Lasciarono solamente viva una ragazzetta di cinque anni in circa, che forse conserveranno; ed alcuni ministri, che ancora conservano nelle carcere, saranno in pochi giorni eseguiti. Questa vittoria a costata molte gente, e moltissimo denaro a causa del sito del luogo, & della bravura di quella gente. Molti Imperatori Cinesi e Tartari anno procurati di debellare questi popoli; ma la gloria era riservata al presente; che meritamente si glorierà nelle sue historie, d' aver superati e debellati popoli, che per molti secoli da suoi antenati si stimarono per il sito inaccessibile, e per la ferocia indomabile.

Il giorno terzo decimo del presente mese, andò l' Imperatore con gli regoli, e grandi tutti della Corte per incontrare il Generalissimo; e gli ufficiali tutti che vittoriosi ritornavano dalla guerra, in distanza di 20 e più miglia, anno per questa suazione cerimonie tutte proprie, e molto curiose.

Premiò il Generalissimo detto A Cuoi con una Contea; con 60 mille tagelli, o siano once d' argento; 60 pezze d' ottima seta; una cintura gialla (distintione per gli soli che sono del sangue Imperiale) e con un battone chi al suolo Imperatore e lecito portare. Questo Generalissimo è un giovane di 30 e più anni, che è molto animoso e perito nel arte militare Cinese.

Pekin. Hai Tien, 16 Giugno, 1776.

N. B. Hai Tien è la residenza ordinaria del Imperadore.

TRANSLATION.

IT seems to me, that the European gentlemen residing at Canton, do not interest themselves much in the affairs of this capital, for which and other reasons, I shall not dwell upon them.

They will learn however by other channels, that the war with the kingdom of Siao Kin Ciuan, or of the people of the mountains of See Ciuan, was totally finished in the course of last April. The king, and queen, their children, household, and all the gran-

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dees were conducted to this capital yesterday, the 15 th current, and presented to the emperor, who ordered them all to be cut to pieces, to revenge, as it is said, the death of his son in law, who was slain in the said war. They have only left alive one little girl of about five years of age, whom perhaps they will spare, and there are some of the ministers of the country still in prison, who in a few days will be executed.

This conquest has cost the lives of a great number of people, and an immense treasure, on account of the situation of the place, and of the bravery of the people. Several Chinese and Tartar emperors endeavoured in vain to subdue these people, but the glory was reserved for the reigning monarch, who may truly boast in his annals, of having totally conquered a people, who for many ages, in the days of his ancestors, were deemed to be inaccessible by their situation, and invincible by their valour.

On the thirteenth of the present month, the emperor, attended by his ministers and all the grandees of the court, went to meet the Generalissimo and all the officers returning victorious from the war; to the distance of twenty miles or more from the capital. They have upon such occasions certain ceremonies which are peculiar to the Chinese and very curious.

In the first place, the Generalissimo, whose name is A. Cuoi, was presented with a title and territories, answering to the dignity of a Count; then with sixty ounces of silver; sixty pieces of the best silk; a yellow girdle, (a distinction belonging only to such as are of the imperial blood) and a truncheon which no person is suffered to carry except the emperor. This Generalissimo is a young man, little more than thirty years of age, of great intrepidity, and well skilled in the Chinese art of war.

Pekin. Hai Tien, 16th of June 1776.

N. B. Hai Tien is the usual residence of the emperor.

The conquered kingdom, whose unfortunate sovereign and family have fallen victims to Asiatic despotism, makes part of the province of *Su-Chuen*, which is one of the sixteen great provinces of the Chinese empire, and is situated in the most western part. It joins to the country of the Sifan Tartars, and the capital *Ching-Tu* or *Tchintee* was formerly one of the first cities of the empire. But the whole kingdom being

being almost inaccessible from its situation in a labyrinth of mountains and rivers; this circumstance contributed, together with the natural temper of the inhabitants, to excite them at different periods, to throw off the Chinese yoke, which occasioned many civil wars, and the destruction of its fine capital in 1646. The province of Su-Chuen is 600 miles in length, and 400 in breadth,

and produces great quantities of rich silk, amber, musk and rhubarb, with which the inhabitants carry on a considerable trade; the mountains of the subjugated kingdom likewise furnish tin, lead, and iron, with other articles of commerce sufficient to have enabled them to maintain their independence, if the chance of war had not finally proved decisive against them.

A NEW YEAR'S FROLICK, for 1778.

A Convivial circle of persons of distinction assembled in Grosvenor-square to usher in the new year, when after dinner it was disputed for some time—"What author had drawn the most numerous and finished likenesses of mankind?"—An old fashioned peer, the noble owner of the hotel, contended for Shakespeare; but the whole groupe dissented, by observing, that his portraits were obsolete, and more of caricatures than characters. Piqued at this extraordinary judgment, the venerable nobleman went immediately to his library, and returning with a large folio edition of his favourite poet, informed the company, that a whim had just struck him, which would probably decide the dispute; desiring at the same time, that each of the party would write the names of their most intimate friends, as well as their own, upon small slips of paper, which he further requested might be dropped promiscuously into the volume, at the various places; and he should carefully see whether the *dead painter of nature* would not be able to hit off a *living likeness* or two out of the number. His request being complied with, the book was immediately opened several times before all present, when the annexed names, to the astonishment of the *fashionable infidels*, were found lying upon the following passages; a fair transcript of which, as they occurred, was made, without distinction of rank or sex, and voted by a considerable majority to be printed. Our correspondent will not vouch for the *likenesses*, but such as they are, presents them to the Beau Monde, under the title of

Modern CHARACTERS by SHAKESPEARE.

Mrs. C—WE.

—Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one,—there must be something else

Pawn'd with the other; for the poor, rude world

Hath not her fellow—

Merch. Ven. Act III.

Duke of M—GH.

—Take physic, pomp!
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,

And shew the heav'n's more just!—

Lear, Act III.

Lady W—N.

—You seem to be as *Dian* in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud, ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than *Venus*!—

Much Ado, Act IV.

Duke of B—N.

—Bull *Jove*, Sir, had an amiable low,
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And got a calf, on that same noble feat,
Much like to you—for you have just his bleat!—

Ditto, Act V.

Lord T—NS—D.

—And I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of.—I am a pepper-corn,—a brewer's horse!—The inside of a church!—Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Hen. IV. Part I, Act III.

Lady D—BA—R.

—Another taken from me too? Why, just heav'n,
Am I still left the last in life, and woe?
I must of force now sink with sorrow!

Rich. III. Act II.

Lord M—L—NE.

—Will you have me, lady?
—No, my lord, unless I might have another for working days.—Your grace is too costly to wear every day.

Much Ado, Act II.

Lord M—F—T.

Heaven made him, and therefore let him pass for man!—

Merch. Ven. Act I.

Mrs. B—V—IE.

All of her that is out of door, most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind as rare,
She is alone th' *Arabian* bird, and I
Have lost the wager!

Cymb. Act. II.

Gen.

Gen. B—G—NE.

—He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man, and a soldier; and now he's turn'd *orthographer*, his words are a fantastical banquet.

Much Ado, Act II.

Lord B—G—KE.

By your leave, sweet ladies!
If I chance to talk wild, forgive me :---
I had it from my father.---He was very mad,
And kiss'd you twenty with a breath,
As I do now! — *Hen. VIII.* Act I.

Duchess of P—TL—ND.

Disdain, and scorn, ride sparkling in her eye,
Misprizing what they look on ;---and her
wit

Values itself so highly, that to her's
All matter else seems weak. —

Much Ado, Act III.

Duke of D—N—RE.

See where he steals! — Told I you not,
Benvolio,

That we should find this melancholy walker
Lock'd in some gloomy covert, under key
Of cautionary silence?

Rom. and Jul. Act I.

Lord H—G—N.

When he was naked, he was for all the world like a forked radish with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife ;---he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible :---the genius of famine! and lecherous as a monkey.

Hen. IV. Part II. Act III.

Lord C—MD—N.

—When he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
And steals his sweet, and honied sentences!

Hen. V. Act I.

Lord LE D—SP—R.

Come! sing me a *bawdy-song*, to make me merry. I was once as virtuously given as a gentleman need be---went to a bawdy-house not above once a quarter of an hour!--but now I live out of all order and compass!

Hen. IV. Part I. Act III.

Duchess of D—VN—SHIRE.

Oh, she doth teach the porches how to shine!

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an *Æthiop's* ear.

Rom. and Jul. Act I.

Sir W. W. W.

Bardolph! am not I fallen away vilely since this last action?---Do not I bate?---Do I not dwindle?---why my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown!---I am withered like an old apple-john!

Hen. IV. Part I. Act I.

Lady H. ST—PE.

Could he get me? Sir *Robert* could not do it! We know his handy work; therefore,

good mother, to whom am I indebted for these limbs?—Sir *Robert* never helpt to make this leg!

K. John. Act I.

Lord H—RC—T.

His breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to dietoo; that very moment
Consideration, like an angel, came
And whipt th' offending *Adam* out of him.

Hen. VI. Act I.

Lady S—FT—N.

— I'll hold thee any wager
When we are both apparell'd like young men,
I prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace.

Cymb. Act II

Lord M—SF—D.

— They vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these exertions; yet the *king*, our master,
Escapes not language unmannerly.

Hen. VIII. Act I.

Hon. Mrs. D—R.

Hath *Romeo* slain himself? Say thou but ay,
And this bare little word sha'l poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice!

Romeo and Jul. Act III.

The ROYAL CHILDREN.

— They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head :—and yet as rough
(Their royal blood enchas'd) as the rudest wind
That shakes the mountain pine!

Cymb. Act IV

Sir JOS. M—W—BY.

His reasons are as two grains of wheat, hid
in two bushels of chaff. You shall seek
all day, ere you find them, and when you
have found them, they are not worth the
search.

Merch. of Ven. Act I.

Dowager Lady H—WE.

That I could shift my sex, and dye me deep
In their opposers blood!—But as I may,
With *women's* weapons, pitty, and prayers,
I'll aid their cause!

Lear, Act V.

Sir ED. W—MS.

— Yet *Benedict* was such another; and
now is he become a man. He swore he
would never marry, and yet now, in despite
of his heart, he eats without grudging.

Much Ado, Act III.

Marquis of L—Y.

Alas, poor *Romeo*! he's already dead,
stabb'd with a white wench's black eye!—
run thro' the ear with a love-song:—and is
he a man to encounter *Tybalt*?

Rom. and Jul.

Lord C—V—RY.

Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity, and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart, and me,
Hold thee my son for ever!

Lear, Act I.

HER MAJESTY.

Thy most amazing excellence shall be
Fame's triumph in succeeding ages; when
Thy bright example shall adorn the scene,
And teach the world perfection!

Ditto, Act III.

The K — G.

Hear him but reason in divinity,
And all admiring, with an inward wish
You would define the king were made a
prelate!

Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You'd say it hath been all in all his study.
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle-render'd you in music,
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose
Familiar as his garter.

Hen. V. Act. I.

Lord N — TH.

— I profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than my own;
Tho' all the world should crack their duty
to you,

Tho' perils in the state
Abound as thick as thought could make 'em,
And appear in form more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours!

Hen. VIII. Act III.

Lord G — G — G.

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all!

Hamlet, Act III.

Lady A — N P — CY.

For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is—if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore like herself,—wise, fair, and
true,
Shall she be plac'd!—*Mercb. Ven. Act II.*

Marquis of L — TH — N.

Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly
dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new
reap'd,
Shew'd like a stubble-land at harvest home;
He was perfum'd like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb,
He held a pouncet box!

Hen. IV. Part I. Act I.

Lord B — L.

He hath a neighbourly charity in him; for
he borrowed a box of the ear of the English-
man, and swore he would pay him again
when he was able!

Mercb. Ven. Act I.

Sir T. F — KL — D.

— Thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous!

Mercb. Ven. Act IV.

Lady T — NS — ND.

Alas! what would the wretched Edgar, with
The more unfortunate Cordelia?
Who, in obedience to a father's will,
Flies from her Edgar's arms to Burgundy!
Liar, Act I.

Lord SUFF — K.

The gentleman is learn'd;—a most
rare speaker,
To nature none more bound; but he, my
lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his! *Hen. VIII. Act. I.*

Lord PL — M — TH.

Thou art so fat witted with drinking old
sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and
sleeping upon benches in the afternoon,—
that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly,
which thou would'st truly know.

Hen. IV. Part I. Act I.

Pr — of W — S.

For he is gracious, if he be observed;
He hath a tear for pity—and a hand
Open as day for melting charity!
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's
flint,
As humorous as winter!

Hen. IV. Act III.

Lady G. M — K — ZIE.

Love-heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mishapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
This love feel I, but such my stroward fate,
That there I love, where most I ought to
hate! *Romeo and Jul. Act I.*

Lord ED — BE.

Why love forswore me in my mother's
womb!
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
Oh! monstrous thought!

Rich. III. Act I.

Lady B. T — CHE.

— But who dare tell her so?
She'd mock me into air! O she would laugh
me out of myself! press me to death with
wit! *Much Ado, Act III.*

Lord S — D — CH.

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles
come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans!

Mercb. Ven. Act. I.

Lord A — R.

He hears merry tales, and smiles not;
I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher
when he grows old, being so full of un-
mannerly sadness in his youth,

Ditto — Ditto,

Lord MOLES — TH.

Ay, that's a dolt indeed; for he doth no-
thing but talk of his horse; and he makes
it a great appropriation, that he can shoe
him himself; I am much afraid my lady,
his mother, play'd foul with a smith.

[To be continued.]

THE

THE HYPOCHONDRIACK. N^o. IV.

— Nam id ego arbitror
Adprime in vita esse utile ut ne quid nimis.

TERENT.

“ For this I hold to be the golden rule

“ Of life, too much of one thing's good for nothing.” COLMAN.

EXCESS of every sort will be found upon due consideration to be wrong. Terence, in the passage which I have chosen as a motto for my present paper, expresses this opinion in the most general and unlimited sense. But, although all men be fully sensible that some kinds of excess are hurtful, I believe few have thought so extensively upon the subject, as to have a conviction that there is no kind of excess which is not pernicious; and therefore it may not be an idle subject of speculation to consider the justice of the sentiment in a number of instances, various enough to shew that it is universally applicable to human nature.

An excess in eating, called Gluttony, and an excess in the use of fermented liquors, called Drunkenness, are so visibly destructive in their effects, that though they were not vices by positive prohibition, mankind could not but agree in condemning them; yet, however certainly intemperance produces a complication of deformity and diseases, the immediate pleasure of its gratification is so great, that we find a large proportion of mankind indulge in it. The savages devour with greediness immoderate quantities of such rude sustenance as they have; and travellers uniformly concur in attesting their violent fondness for strong drink. In civilized nations, more elegant, but not less effectual methods of intemperance are practised. Excess in eating is stimulated and increased by the infinite exertions of the art of cookery; and excess in drinking is promoted by the seducing taste of rich wines, by the gaiety and splendour associated with grand entertainments, and by mingling love and friendship, amiable and valuable qualities, with the heat and hurry of spirits arising from intoxication. As I intend to treat of drinking in a future paper appropriated to that subject alone, I must here pull the reins, and stop myself in a career of lucubration to which I am prone at the time. Although perhaps both I and my read-

ers may have reason to wish I had not done so: for by checking a run down hill, I may have hard work of it in driving towards another quarter; and my readers, instead of being amused with the celerity of my motion, may be wearied with my heavy drudging pace.

It must be acknowledged that excess is quite a relative term, applicable in different degrees to different individuals. Yet we all very well understand the *ne quid nimis*, “ the having or doing nothing in an extreme degree,” which my motto inculcates as an useful lesson for passing life easily and comfortably; and the error of mankind is in imagining that they cannot possibly have too much of those things which are universally desired; or at least in individuals imagining their own particular capacities to be larger and more vigorous than they really are.

That too much wealth is an evil must appear a paradox; because we do not find those, who are possessed of the greatest opulence, complaining that they are too rich. They do not even go so far as the wretched man in the fable, who formed a faint wish to be eased of the burthen of life, but upon the approach of death, found that he was very willing to continue to bear the load which oppressed him; for they never utter a wish to be rid of the embarrassment of riches. Yet I am perfectly convinced that to have a great deal more wealth than a man can employ, is to be unhappy, though the possessor may not be sensible of the cause. It is like having much more body than one has spirit to animate, the superfluous part of which is therefore a lifeless, unwieldy, and irksome mass. I do not maintain that a man is the worse for being plump, or, as the French say, *en bon point*. Let him be easy in his circumstances. Let him have peace and plenty, as the phrase is; so full a share of fortune, as never to be in want, or suffer the probable apprehensions of it.

I am

I am by no means a disciple of those philosophers who pretend that poverty is not an evil. In *that* I do not require *excess* to make unhappiness. An overgrown fortune I hold to be an evil. But a miserable scanty one I hold to be as certainly an evil. Nay, I hold the latter to be worse than the former; for, to resume the corporeal metaphor, we are told by physicians that the diseases which proceed from inanition are worse than those which proceed from repletion.

To understand how too much wealth is an evil to its owner, we must consider that though there is a pleasure in drinking from a plentiful fountain, which poetical fancy has frequently introduced into descriptions of felicity, there is no similarity between that, and taking from an immense store of riches what is sufficient for our use. For unemployed wealth grows offensive like stagnate water, and contaminates its possessor. The rust of a hoard corrupts whatever is in contact with it, without insisting upon that fretful anxiety for the preservation of superfluous wealth which is almost without exception its concomitant. A man feels himself weak, and has a mean impression of his own character when he is conscious of being the master of heaps of useless money. I must however always keep in view what I have said as to excess being relative. For I admit that no fortune is too large for some extraordinary men, whose taste, magnificence and generosity are unbounded. Nay, I will even admit, that a miser who has extent of thought and force of mind sufficient to make his superfluous wealth, though hid in the earth, bear the fruit of power and influence in his imagination, cannot really be said to have riches as a curse. But how few of either of these characters, which I have just now mentioned, are to be found! It is not extravagant to affirm that men capable of enjoying immense wealth, are as rare as men able to bear the enormous armour of Goliath. I knew a baronet, who, after improving his manners by travelling many years in the southern parts of Europe, made a very handsome figure in his own country, upon a moderate estate, living with hospitality and elegance, and beloved by all his neighbours. But upon his succession to an earldom and a large fortune, he

sunk under the pressure of affluence, and finding that he was unable to fill up wider outlines, he contracted himself into a narrower and narrower space, and gradually became a parsimonious miserable recluse.

If our power of enjoying wealth do not enlarge in proportion as our wealth is augmented, its superfluity must make us unhappy. The pleasure of existence is in the successive gratification of different desires. Insipid then and wearisome must be his state, who, from having more than he can use, has no desires to gratify. Continual fullness prevents every keen sensation, and existence is even worse than "flowing in one sad tenor;" for it "creams and mantles like a standing pool." The Dutch, who have much sagacity of contrivance in many respects, have in what they call a *verbeetering huys*, (that is to say, a correcting and amending house, a house for making people better)—an admirable method of curing laziness. A fellow who will not work, is put into a large reservoir of water, which takes him up to the chin; a cock is then turned, so as to let more water run in upon him, and he is shewn a pump. If he exerts himself with active force, he prevents the water from rising, and breathes freely; but if he does not ply the pump, the water soon gets up upon him and he is suffocated. An inundation of wealth will be equally fatal to a man's happiness, if he does not throw it off by vigorous exertions. *Aurum potabile* will choke him; and when drowning in Pactolus's streams, it will be no consolation to him that they have golden sands.

Bodily strength in excess need not be dreaded as an evil in this luxurious age; yet the ancients have recorded for instruction, as well as curiosity, the history of *Milo*, who after having knocked down oxen with his fist, and performed other athletic wonders, was at last crushed to death in the cleft of a huge tree, which he was attempting to tear asunder. We should not repine at not having extraordinary force which may tempt us to venture upon extraordinary dangers, and even although we were ensured of safety, there is something monstrous in differing greatly from those around us. Though to be like Saul among the people may do very well for their captain and sovereign, a private man

man would not wish to be a shew, like the strong man of Kent.

Too much power also is an evil; for great power in an imperfect being occasions real unhappiness. It is impossible to place the infelicity of power more strongly before the mind than in the following noble passage of Dr. Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*.

What gave great Villars to th' assassin's knife?
And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?

What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,

By kings protected and to kings allied?

What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,

And power too great to keep or to resign.

There is no man endowed with the moral sense, who has a great deal of power, but must have uneasy doubts if he makes the best use of it, and it exposes him to incessant solicitations, so that his life is never quiet. What a relief from importunity is it when one can say with truth, "it is not in my power!"

However coldness and indifference may be unpleasant; yet excess of love or fondness is bad, not only as it is not lasting, but because it is disagreeable at the time. It is well said in the *Beggar's Opera*,

A curse attends that woman's love,

Who always would be pleasing;

The pertness of the billing dove,

Like tickling is but teasing.

And I appeal to my fair readers of experience, or of lively imaginations, if the satire does not apply as justly to fondling men, who are perpetually sweetening and endearing their wives or mistresses: an excess of lusciousness is nauseous and disgusting, unless to people of very peculiar taste indeed.

Even an excess of pleasure is an evil. For, strange as it may seem, it is most certainly true, that in our present state of being an extreme degree of pleasure turns into pain; as the author of *Virtue*, an *Ethick Epistle*, has very happily expressed it.

Till languor suffering on the rack of bliss,
Confess that man was never made for this.

Too much sensibility or quickness of feeling, so as to be "tremblingly alive

all over," is doubtless a misfortune; and yet, without a good share of sensibility, how dull or insipid is life!

Every body acknowledges without opposition, or contest upon nice distinctions, the justness of the phrases, too much talkativeness, too much silence, too much openness, too much reserve. Serjeant Kite in the Recruiting Officer humourously invites to his drum-head, all husbands who have too much wife. We are accustomed to hear and approve the proverb, "Too much familiarity begets contempt;" and that which Mr. Colman has given as the translation of *ne quid nimis* in my motto---"Too much of one thing's good for nothing." Nay, it is an apostolick advice---"Be not righteous over much."

I am in doubt what to say of too much knowledge, which indeed is very rare: "Too much learning doth make thee mad," was an ignorant speech though uttered from a high place. There may, to be sure, be a load of "learned lumber" which will confuse the head, and a man may have more knowledge, than he has judgement to regulate. Upon which I would make the same remark as upon a man's having more wealth than he can employ. But knowledge is in general so valuable, that an abundance of it is scarcely within the probable bounds of fear.

Too much wisdom in its just meaning we cannot have; though much of the unhappiness of human life is occasioned by false wisdom. True wisdom will make us ever mindful of our own weakness and imperfection in this infancy of being, while our views become gradually enlarged, and our notions exalted.

But my readers will I fear be more impressed with a proposition humiliating to my power of entertaining them, than with any of the various particulars which I have endeavoured to illustrate. I mean they will think that there is too much of this paper. I shall therefore at once conclude, that I may not seem to have written so long since I read my motto, as entirely to forget it.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

THE duke D'Ossuna, famous for his pleasant repartees, being viceroy of Naples, went to the Spanish

gallies, with the intention of using the privilege he enjoyed of releasing one of the slaves. On that occasion he interrogated

interrogated several, and asked them what was the reason of their being there; but they all excused themselves with different pretences, and endeavoured to persuade him that they were innocent; there was but one amongst them, who ingenuously confessed all the crimes he had committed, and who owned he had merited a much greater punishment

than that he suffered: "Drive away that wicked man, says the Duke, ordering him to be set at liberty, for fear he should corrupt all these good people:" Thus rewarding by an elegant pleasantry, the sincerity of this galley-slave, and reproving the deceitfulness of the others.

THOUGHTS ON SOLITUDE.

IT has been urged as an objection, by some atheistical writers, against the existence of a God, that if there had been such a perfect being, who was compleatly happy in the enjoyment of himself, he would never have been at the trouble of creating a world. Though this objection contributes not to the support of Atheism, the design of the Deity in making the world not being to increase his happiness, but to communicate it: yet it proceeds upon this true supposition, that society is a blessing. This cannot be denied, for it is not only in its own nature an instrument of happiness, but it is made much more so, by the indigencies and infirmities of men.

Man, of all other animals, is the least qualified to live alone, having more necessities to be relieved than any other creature on earth. It is owing to this imbecile, helpless state of human nature, that mutual amity, and the reciprocation of good offices in the commerce of life is secured. Common necessity obliges men to herd together like mariners in a storm. In fact, we are all embarked in one bottom, on the extensive and perilous ocean of life, and almost every instant stand in need of each others assistance, for the necessities and refreshments proper for such a voyage. Those, therefore, who seclude themselves from society to lead a recluse life, taking up their quarters in convents, or in gloomy caverns, amidst solitary deserts, under a pretence of keeping themselves unspotted from the world, or of devoting themselves wholly to acts of piety and religion; incapacitate themselves for doing any good to, or receiving any benefit from the world. This kind of life is utterly inconsistent with the circumstances and situations of human nature.

None but a Deity, self-sufficient and independent, can be qualified for a state

of absolute and perfect solitude; as for man, it is not good for him to be alone, even in paradise.

But though society, as opposed to a state of perpetual solitude, is an inestimable blessing, yet, considering how little of it is truly valuable, it is certainly adviseable for every man that has good sense enough to enjoy his own thoughts, frequently to make them his companions; and we may be allowed to be as retired as we please, to communicate with the world as little as possible, if we take care to perform the common offices of humanity to each other, and to do as much good as possible, when called upon to take a share in the duties of citizens of the state. Solitude and society ought to claim an alternate share of our affections: though the largest may be given with propriety to the former, yet the latter should remind us, that we live not for ourselves alone.

The satisfaction and advantages to be derived from solitude, when it only sequesters us for a time from society, transcend those of a continued, uninterrupted popular life; for whoever maturely reflects on the great variety of men's humours, the peevishness of some, the pride and conceit of others, and the impertinence of the major part of mankind: or on the unreasonable terms of association, which many impose on those who partake of their company; such as obliging them to drink or game to excess, with a thousand other grievances with which the folly, caprice and obstinacy of men have conspired to burthen society; will find, taking one thing with another, as much mortification and disgust, in what is called good fellowship, as pleasure and entertainment. A man who is fond of solitude, and does not peevishly or enthusiastically give himself entirely up to it, has time to pity, and to resolve to avoid the follies of tumultuous scenes of unmeaning

ing noise and uproar: the tide of joy does not overflow its bounds with him; he is not so merry as the man of pleasure, who lives in the heart of gay amusement, but neither is he so often displeased and put out of temper. Serenity and content are the lot of retirement, and a private life administers moral and intellectual delights, unknown to the sensualist, who makes the pursuit of fashionable dissipations a mechanic labour, exhausting the powers and faculties of mind and body in gratifications, despised and neglected almost as soon as they are attained.

His situation therefore, whose circumstances will allow him the calm tranquillity of a country retreat, at least two thirds of the year, and who does not lose his urbanity during his partial solitude, but returns to the world the more improved for the sequestration, and the better disposed to perform all the duties and obligations of a member of society, may be esteemed the happiest man on earth; for so far as he is a dependent, circumscribed being, he participates of the aid which a free intercourse with mankind procures him, without being irrationally intoxicated with the false pleasures of the world, or soured and made churlish by constantly encountering the mor-

tifications which a man is sure to meet with, who is always jostling on in a croud.

Nor yet does he so far forget the infirmity of his nature, or the insufficiency of his faculties, as to think himself qualified to be happy in an absolute, perfect solitude; he knows very well that pride, anger, caprice, satiety, and a variety of other disagreeable attendants on mortality will follow him into the cell of a monastery; and if he has improved his understanding by education, he must know, that all the pretensions of friars, hermits and nuns, to a state of happiness, arising from their religious solitude, are hypocritical or delusive; he alone approaches nearest to the summit of human felicity on earth, whom an easy fortune and a sound judgment enables to fly to solitude as a relief from the evils of promiscuous, vitiated society, and to return again to the world as to an asylum against the cynic pride, despicable moroseness and misanthropy with which the gloom of too long and too rigid a solitude steels the breast, and renders it insensible to the wants and frailties of human nature, disqualifying it for the charitable relief of the one, or an indulgent forgiveness of the other.

MENTOR.

THE BRITISH THEATRE.

ACCOUNT of the new Tragedy of **ALFRED**, performed the first time at the Theatre Royal, in Covent Garden, on Wednesday evening, the 21st of this month.

The Characters in the Drama were cast as follows;

Alfred, King of England, Mr. Lewis.

Hinguar, King of Denmark, Mr. Aickin.

The Earl of Surry, assuming the name of } Mr. Whitefield.

Eric, - - - - - }

Rollo, brother to the Queen of Denmark, } Mr. L'Estrange.

Odun, Earl of Devonshire, Mr. Hull.

Ethelswida, Q. of England, Mrs. Barry.

Ronix, Q. of Denmark, Mrs. Jackson.

Edda, a Danish lady, attendant on the Queen. } Miss Ambrose.

Scenes, the English and Danish Camps.

In the prologue to this piece, the audience are informed, that the strange events in the life of Alfred are so very extraordinary, that history for once shames romance by un-

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common exhibitions of the marvellous in the life of this great hero and legislator. From these premises, the lovers of history, and all who have a patriotic zeal for that of their own country, would naturally expect as little deviation from historic truth as possible; yet the only capital faults in this tragedy, consist in the unnatural forced characters smuggled into the drama, against all the rules of order, and every degree of rational probability.

The most authentic historians fix the date of Alfred's total defeat by the Danes, which obliged him to seek for safety in flight, and to conceal himself in the disguise of a cowherd, to the year 878; with this event our poet opens his tragedy, but to answer the purposes of a perplexed, double plot, he makes Ethelswida a bride, and captive to the Dane, on the very day of her nuptials, though Alfred was married to her in 868, full ten years before the fatal battle. The next unnecessary trespass on the truth of history is, the name given to the Danish King. It is

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a fact as well attested as any event of recent date, that Gutheren was King of Denmark, and the invader of England, who gained the decisive victory over Alfred, at the period when the play begins; why the name of Hinguar is substituted, we cannot guess, not being able to find any harmony in the false appellation, to tempt the poet to give it the preference. The introduction of Ronix, the Queen of Denmark, is the work of romantic fiction, and the *denouement* is so crowded with bloody business in the last act, from the intrigues of this surreptitious character, that the concluding scenes have more the appearance of an adventure in Don Quixote, than of the catastrophe of a regular drama. We mention these defects as a caution to other dramatic writers, who may make any part of the British history the basis of a tragedy; the less they deviate from the real story, the better: if this rule had been followed with respect to Alfred, the drama would have been sufficiently interesting, and the piece uniformly consistent.

History relates that Alfred, before the battle, placed his queen in the hands of a faithful friend, with strict orders, in case of his defeat, captivity, or death, to convey her to France; this task is assigned in the new tragedy to the Earl of Surry, who in the first act appears in the disguise of a Danish officer, sent to negotiate a peace with the English General, supposing Alfred to be dead. His astonishment on beholding Alfred alive, and his discovery of himself to his royal master, have a fine effect. The king's rage and jealousy upon hearing that his bride is a captive in the camp of his enemy, and his hasty reproof of Surry for living to bring him such tidings; with Surry's defence, which obliges him to give a detail of his own valour and fidelity in defending the lady in an action with the Danes, till all his followers were slain, and himself left for dead on the spot; render this one of the most animated and affecting scenes we ever remember to have beheld.

Alfred being reconciled to Surry, relates to him the circumstances of his own escape after the fatal victory of the Danes, of his disguise, his encouraging the rumour of his death, and his return to the English camp; a secret confided to the Earl of Devonshire. The act concludes with Alfred's design to visit the Danish camp in the disguise of a minstrel, that he may learn the fate of his bride, and know if she has preserved her honour. Surry retires to prepare Hinguar, the Danish prince, whom he serves under the name of Eric, for the reception of the bard, and Alfred in the mean time imparts his design to the faithful Odun, Earl of Devonshire, who disapproves it; but upon the king's assuring him, that he has his country's cause at heart, and intends

to avail himself of this disguise, to know the strength and position of the Danes, that he may attack them at greater advantage, he consents, and is ordered to put himself at the head of a thousand choice veterans, who are to advance near the Danish camp at midnight, and to wait the king's return.

The second act is equal to the first; the business gradually becomes more interesting, and the simplicity of the story excites admiration and attention, still deviating but little from the real history. Alfred gains the confidence of Hinguar, in the character of a bard; and quiets all the fears of the Dane by delivering to him a ring which he knew Alfred usually wore, who therefore receives it as a final confirmation of the report of his death. Hinguar then informs the bard, that he is in love with his fair captive, of whose name and rank he is ignorant, but that she is deaf to all his offers, and absorbed in grief and melancholy phrenzy. The bard undertakes, by his art, to gain the secret cause of her sorrow, and to cure her. Ethelswida then enters, talks wildly to the king, and fixing her eyes upon the bard, works herself up to a higher pitch of phrenzy, the better to conceal her surprize and fears upon beholding Alfred alive, whom she thought dead. An officer announcing an alarm in the camp of a sudden attack from the English, Hinguar retires hastily, after giving orders that Ethelswida and the bard should be left alone. Alfred soon after dismisses her female attendants, informing them, that the captive wished to be confessed, and would probably reveal to him the cause of her melancholy; but Edda, who suspects some fraud, resolves to observe their behaviour in private. The royal lovers now throw off all reserve; Ethelswida gently upbraids the king for his suspecting that she would outlive her honour, and expresses her great anxiety for his safety. He then informs her of his plan to rescue her in the dead of night, and desires if they should be suspected that she would call herself Emma, as he should declare himself to be Surry, and her brother.

The interview ended, they part and withdraw. Hinguar returns, the rumour of an attack being a false alarm, and is followed by his queen, who reproaches him in bitter terms for his attachment to the captive, reminds him that she set the crown upon his head; to which he replies, Yes, the crown of Denmark, but that of England I have fought for and won. He then threatens to banish her, renounces all further intercourse with her, and she goes off menacing him with the effects of her vengeance. Here the piece begins to be heavy, and the remainder of the play did not meet with the same general applause as the preceding scenes.

Act the third, opens with a discovery made

to Hinguar by Edda, that Ethelswida's phrenzy is counterfeit; but her information is imperfect and confused, for she has only marked her composed behaviour while she was alone with the bard, without over-hearing their conversation. However, Hinguar, alarmed, instantly conceives that the minstrel is some lover in disguise, whose absence she had always deeply lamented. He therefore orders him into his presence, upbraids him with being a cheat, a traitor and impostor, and threatens to put him to death, if he does not reveal his own and the lady's rank. The bard, with great fire and spirit, retorts the opprobrious terms, and then avows himself to be Surry, who had visited the Danish camp with no base design, but to enquire the fate of a captive sister. Hinguar now proposes to avail himself of this opportunity to form a durable peace with the English by marrying Ethelswida, and upon the pretended Surry's remarking that he had a queen already, Hinguar replies, the Danish Gods permit more wives than one; and from other objections made to his proposal he concludes, that this is more than a brotherly love, and orders Alfred into custody.

He then commands the presence of Ethelswida, who enters in profound meditation, when he informs her that he has discovered the secret, that her phrenzy was all assumed, and that he had put the impostor to death. The unhappy lady, in the wildness of her despair, reveals the fatal secret that her pretended brother is Alfred, and she his bride. Hinguar is struck dumb with amazement, but recovering himself, reproaches her for dissimulation, tells her he had practised her own arts, and that Alfred lives; but his fate depends on her consent to give her hand to him! Ethelswida, to save the life of the king, consents, as soon as she is assured he is returned in safety to the English camp, to comply.

Hinguar, not satisfied with this, in the next scene, gives Alfred his choice either to marry his niece or to die, and requires his answer in an hour. Upon intelligence that the queen and her friends have taken up arms against him, he retires.

The first scene of the fourth act is a second interview between Alfred and Ethelswida; when Alfred, inflamed by jealousy, again accuses her of a design to violate her honour to save his life, Hinguar having told him that she had consented to give her hand to him: but finding she had determined to stab herself the moment she was assured of his liberty, the emotions of love and gratitude almost overcome him; at this instant Surry, in the character of Eric, enters, informs them that Ronix has surrounded the tent with the Danish nobles of her party, and has just time to give Alfred a sword to defend himself, before the enraged

queen appears. She orders her guards to seize her rival; but upon Alfred's opposing it sword in hand, and owning himself to be the king of England, an explanation follows: Ronix seems satisfied, and resolves on an alliance with Alfred against Hinguar. The king, overjoyed at this event, retires to meet the friends of Ronix in council, but not before Ethelswida had imparted to him, her fears of treachery on the part of Ronix, who is most preposterously made to fall in love with Alfred at first sight. Thus Ethelswida becomes a second time her rival, and is now to be cut off, that she may marry Alfred. This act closes with Edda's informing Ethelswida that Alfred, not consenting to the terms proposed by the Danes, was made prisoner, and advises her to escape by favour of the night, offering to attend her. She accepts it, and Edda acquaints the audience aside, that she intends to deliver her safe into the arms of Hinguar.

Act the fifth, opens with the preparations for the flight of Ethelswida and Edda; as soon as they are gone, Rollo with two Danish soldiers enter, who are hired to assassinate Ethelswida; the women are seen crossing the bottom of the stage, and Rollo sends the assassins after them, with a strict charge to make sure of the lady in the blue veil. Ronix enters hastily, enquires if her rival is dispatched, and there is scarce time for an answer, before an officer informs her that Hinguar is approaching, and a body of English at the same time had attacked the Danish camp. They now intreat Alfred to join them against Hinguar, and he consents, being first assured that his bride is safe in her tent. The conflict of arms is heard; Ronix goes off, and Hinguar enters victorious, but astonished at the silence and solitude of the place, presently the two assassins come on, relate the murder of Ethelswida, supposing themselves alone, are seized by Hinguar, and confess they act by orders from the queen of Denmark. They leave the bloody veil on the stage. Alfred from the opposite side of the stage appears with his forces, challenges Hinguar to decide their quarrel by single combat, which he accepts; they fight, Hinguar falls, tells Alfred in agonies, that he is the happier man of the two, and points to the bloody veil. While Alfred regards it with horrid, fixed attention, the Dane, half raising himself, stabs Alfred in his side, and, after dreadful imprecations, dies. Surry is now brought in mortally wounded, and strange to tell! cancels the merit of his loyalty and gallant defence of Ethelswida in the first act, by confessing to Alfred, that he was secretly in love with her. Alfred forgives him, and he dies lamented. The king taints with loss of blood, just as Ethelswida enters; the attendants imagine him dead; she, frantic with rage, accuses herself of her

own and England's ruin, and prepares to stab herself, calling on the spirit of Alfred to receive her. The King recovers, flies to her arms, declares his wound to be slight, and enquires how she escaped death: she answers that the perfidious Edda, wearing her veil, was mistaken for her and fell a victim to her own treachery.

Thus the piece ends happily, and Alfred very unaccountably declares that Hinguar being dead, peace between the English and the Danes takes place; though Ronix, the supposed murderers of his Queen, by the death of her husband, commands the Danish army. In a word, the last act is one continued scene of improbabilities, confusion and slaughter.

ACCOUNT of the BATTLE OF HASTINGS, a new Tragedy, performed the first time at Drury Lane Theatre, on Saturday evening, January 24th.

The principal characters of the piece were cast in the following manner;

<i>Harold II. K. of England,</i>	<i>Mr. Bensley.</i>
<i>Edgar Atheling,</i>	<i>Mr. Henderson.</i>
<i>Earl Edwin</i>	<i>Mr. Palmer.</i>
<i>Earl of Northumberland,</i>	<i>Mr. Aickin.</i>
<i>Siffrid,</i>	<i>Mr. Farren.</i>
<i>Earl of Mercia,</i>	<i>Mr. Norris.</i>
<i>Raymond,</i>	<i>Mr. Hurst.</i>
<i>Duncan, a Scotch Seer,</i>	<i>Mr. Chambers.</i>
<i>Edwina,</i>	<i>Mrs. Yates.</i>
<i>Matilda,</i>	<i>Miss Younge.</i>

This excellent tragedy is taken from the History of England, at the close of the reign of Harold II. and the principal incidents of the drama are limited in point of time to the evening preceding, and the day of the decisive battle of Hastings, in which Harold lost his life, and the crown of England was seized by the Norman victor William I.

We have the same fault to find with Mr. Cumberland, as with Mr. Home the author of Alfred, for unnecessary deviations from the history of his country, every page of which ought to be held sacred. But in justice to the author of the battle of Hastings, we must acknowledge, that two of the imaginary characters called in to enrich the drama are natural, and properly coincide with the true history—the third is as unnatural and unnecessary as any of the absurdities in Alfred. Not a grain of superstition, or of religious mummery appears in the character of Harold upon the historic page. The common policy of European princes seated on the throne with a dubious title, would have dictated a marriage between Harold's daughter and the lineal heir to the crown, without the aid of pious frauds—Duncan the Scottish Seer was not wanted in this piece. Too great a stress is likewise laid upon the usurpation of Harold, a disputed point in history, and it tends to lessen our concern for

the fate of a great monarch who fell in battle, fighting for the liberties of his country.

The truth, from the concurrent testimony of different historians, seems to be, that Edgar Atheling was a boy when the throne became vacant by the death of Edward the Confessor; and the English nobles, as well as the people, dreading the claim of William Duke of Normandy, founded on a will, real or pretended, of the Confessor in his favour, and the consequences of having a child for their sovereign at such a crisis—elected Harold, an experienced General, as the proper person to head them, and to oppose the progress of the Norman Duke. Harold's friends might influence this election, but his crime has no deeper dye; we therefore think that the poet has done injustice to his character by charging it upon him as a sin meriting the wrath of Heaven, and goading his conscience night and day. These are the only exceptions we have to make to one of the best tragedies of modern times, in point of language, fable, conduct, and catastrophe.

The first act opens with a view of a castle belonging to Earl Edwin, who returns home from the English camp, supposed to be at no great distance, upon a suspicion that Edgar Atheling his friend, who serves with him under Harold, in the character of Edmund a volunteer, intends a private visit to Edwina, the Earl's sister; Edmund having fled the camp in flight of the army in the night, which had been imputed to cowardice.

Edwin, in a conference with Raymond his friend, informs him, under the sanction of an oath of secrecy, that Edgar Atheling, under the name of Edmund, serves under his protection in the English camp, and that he has a design to raise him to the throne by marrying him with Matilda, Harold's daughter, and obliging Harold the usurper to resign the crown to them; but he is afraid this plan will be disconcerted by Edgar's love for Edwina. In the next scene, Edgar (as Edmund) is discovered in conversation with Edwina, by her brother. Edwin, enraged, upbraids the lover for leaving the camp; orders him to return to it; and then, finding that his sister is equally in love with Edmund, tells her there is a secret reason why she must never more think of him, and advises her to retire to a convent: he leaves her, and Edmund returns, armed for the battle, to take his leave; and being urged by her to explain the mystery of her brother's words, he declares himself; she falls upon her knees to her royal lover; he raises her and vows fidelity; they part. And, in the second act, Edwina flies to Matilda for protection, concealing her rank, and pretending to the princess that she is a simple, village maid, deprived of protection by the horrors of war; her brother, and a faithful friend, having left her to join the king's

king's forces. (Unluckily Mrs. Yates appears in a full dress in this character, an impropriety which struck every sensible person, but no disapprobation was expressed.) Matilda receives her courteously and retires. Edwin and Waltheof (who, by the way, should have been Morcar, to follow history) meet, renew an intimacy that had been broke off by Edwin, supposing him totally devoted to Harold. He informs him on the contrary, that he makes use of the king's esteem only as the means to serve Edgar Atheling, and tells him, that he, in conjunction with Duncan, will work upon the king to give Matilda to Edgar. In the third act, the king comes out from his tent consulting the Seer, who expatiates on the wrong he has done to Edgar Atheling, and prophecies that he can only hope for peace and success from his daughter, leaving him for an explanation to the first person who shall come next into the presence. This, by contrivance, is Waltheof, who improves the king's fit of repentance, and boldly proposes the union of Matilda and Edgar Atheling; the king consents, and resolves to impart his design, in a secret conference to Edmund the volunteer, whom he looks upon as the secret friend of Edgar. Matilda has seen Edmund, and conceived a passion for him in that character. Towards the close of this, and in the beginning of the fourth act, very interesting scenes pass between Matilda and Edwina: the former vows never to consent to the state policy of marrying Edgar Atheling, because she has settled her affections upon Edmund; the latter blesses her, imagining she has never seen Edgar, and that it is some other noble youth in the camp she means. But at a second interview between the king and the pretended Edmund, no longer able to bear the language of command, that Edgar *shall* marry Matilda, he avows himself to be Edgar, and persisting in his refusal, the incensed king consigns him to death. Matilda is ordered in to be a witness to the discovery and refusal. She is astonished to find that Edmund is Edgar; and is struck with horror at the recollection of her solemn vow never to marry him. The king leaves them, and Matilda expostulates with Edgar on his rejection of her, with a mixture of love and anger; and upon his unreserved declaration that he is engaged to another, she resolves to let him die. At this instant, as he is led off by the guards, Edwina, who had learnt that the king had doomed him to death, enters distracted, implores Matilda to save Edgar, in such emphatic terms, and her eyes following him with such eagerness, that Matilda begins to enquire who and what she is, when Edwina unguardedly calls the prisoner her Edgar, and discovers herself to be Ma-

tilda's rival; the transitions from rage to pity in Matilda, and from supplication to virtuous fortitude in Edwina, did equal honour to the author, and to the incomparable actresses. Edwina, with the uplifted dagger, intends to terminate her sorrows, and set Edgar free from his vows, for his country's good. The generous Matilda prevents the blow; takes the lovers under her protection, and sets Edgar free, presenting him his sword, and recommending her father to his care in the heat of the battle, from gratitude to her, which he promises. Act the fifth opens with the scene of a magnificent royal tent: the king reposing on a couch with the crown at his feet, is supposed to rise with the dawn, and his officers surround him, preparing for the fatal battle. After an affectionate interview with his daughter, he draws his sword, and quits the scene, devoting himself to his country's cause. Edgar prepares to follow him, but is stopped by Edwina, who exclaims against the horrors of war. Her brother enters, chides the delay of Edgar, who breaks from Edwina, consigning her, fainting, to her brother's arms, who bears her to the tent. Old Northumberland is brought in wounded, who relates the fatal events of the day, and dies upon the scene. He is borne off, and Edgar enters, who gives the princess an account of his having fulfilled his promise, in fighting by the king till he was slain, and prepares her for the reception of the body, brought in upon the shoulders of his guards. The princess, with awful solemnity, orders it to the tent, to which she retires, leaving Edgar struck with admiration at her filial piety and gratitude, but alarmed at some of her expressions—after a short pause, Edwina enters from the tent in dreadful agitations, and informs Edgar, that the unhappy princess, after paying the tribute of tears to the royal corpse, had secretly taken the sword from beneath the mantle, and sheathed it in her bosom. The dying princess is brought upon the stage, and lamenting her fate, apologizes for her conduct, orders the crown to be brought to her, and gives it to Edgar—she dies, and the play closes with a mutual vow sworn upon the crown, that Edgar and Edwina will be faithful to each other in prosperity and adversity. This piece was received with uncommon applause, and the performers deservedly shared it with the author—the beautiful metaphor on maiden reputation delivered with great propriety by Mr. Palmer to Edwina, and his heroic exclamation—"all private feuds should cease when England's glory is at stake" were so sensibly felt by the audience, that a repetition was called for, but judiciously refused—as out of character in a tragedy.

An Impartial Review of New Publications.

ARTICLE I.

DISQUISITIONS relating to Matter and Spirit; to which is added, the History of the philosophical Doctrine concerning the Origin of the Soul; and the Nature of Matter, with its Influence on Christianity, especially with respect to the Doctrine of the Pre-existence of Christ. Also the Doctrine of Philosophical Necessity illustrated, being an Appendix to the Disquisitions. By Joseph Priestley, LL. D. F. R. S. 8vo. 2 Vols. 8s. J. Johnson.

The curiosity of the learned had already been considerably excited by the hints thrown out occasionally, in former philosophical publications, that Dr. Priestley had taken up different ideas concerning matter and spirit, from those of the generality of divines and philosophers; and indeed, as he himself acknowledges, very different from those opinions in which he had been educated, and to which he adhered for many years. That curiosity will now be gratified to the utmost extent; and those who have leisure and abilities for criticism and metaphysical controversy, will find sufficient work cut out for them, in these Disquisitions and the Appendix. The common received opinion, that man consists of two principles, *matter* and *spirit*; that his body is composed of the first, and his soul of the last, has always been considered as Orthodox faith; while the opposite doctrine, first broached in France, was supposed to have a tendency to destroy Christianity, and to establish Deism, if not Atheism. It is a misfortune peculiar to the professors of theology and metaphysics, that if they publish any new discovery or endeavour to throw a new light on the subjects to the study of which they have sacrificed the greatest part of their time: bigotted, prejudiced or ignorant men instantly blast their reputation, and endeavour to render them odious in the sight of all good Christians. This treatment, so very different from the honours and rewards bestowed on the authors of useful inventions or improvements in any other branch of human art or science, must be extremely mortifying to a well disposed enlightened philosopher. We are not surprised therefore, at Dr. Priestley's complaints on this head: "as soon," says he, "as my doubts respecting the immateriality of the soul were converted into a full persuasion, that man consists of some *uniform composition*, the cry against me as an unbeliever, and a favourer of Atheism, was exceedingly general and loud." What could a minister of the Gospel, and a Christian philosopher, do in this case? The publica-

tion of this work resolves the question. The author, contrary to most men's expectations, endeavours to prove that the doctrines of Materialism, and of Philosophical Necessity, instead of undermining Christianity, are its firmest supports. It had been formerly maintained, that if the soul is material, we can have no hopes of immortality. Dr. Priestley makes another use of this opinion. If the soul and body are one uniform composition of matter, we have no hope of surviving the grave, but what is derived from the system of Revelation. Those who are of opinion that he incontestably establishes this hypothesis from reason and the Scriptures, in these Disquisitions, will consider him as a learned Orthodox Christian divine. Those who are of a contrary sentiment will have a right to arraign his conduct as a divine, a philosopher, and a member of society: nothing being more pernicious than to disturb the peace of mind, which long received opinions on the most important concern of the human race has established—if, when we have raised a ferment, we are not able to settle its future tranquillity on a clear and permanent basis. With this reflection we close the article, without offering any judgment on the merits of the case; because in such a case every reader ought to decide for himself.

II. *A descriptive Account of the Islands lately discovered in the Southern Seas, giving a full Detail of the present State of the Inhabitants, their Government, Religion, Language, Manners, Customs, &c. &c. &c. from the first Discovery to the present Time; carefully collected, digested, and systematically arranged. By the Reverend Dr. John Trusler, from Mendoza de Quiros, Schouten, Tasman, Dalrymple, Bougainville, Byron, Carteret, Wallis, Hawkesworth, Parkinson, Fourneaux, Forster, Cook, and others, with some Account of the Country of Camchatka, a late Discovery of the Russians. 8vo. R. Baldwin.*

Every discovery of new countries must necessarily afford matter of entertainment to the inhabitants of the civilized nations of Europe; and when public utility is the grand object of government, in the voyages undertaken for this purpose; the state, under whose sanction and protection they are made, do well, to publish under the same authority such accounts of these expeditions as may at once gratify the curiosity of the people, and justify the expence of time and treasure in the pursuit of them. But a very reprehensible line of conduct has hitherto been followed with respect to such publica-

tions

tions by authority of Government. They have been too voluminous, and of course, too high priced for the generality of readers. Yet every navigator from the master to the simple mariner ought to have it in his power to derive information from these discoveries; and the same may be said of every person concerned in arts, manufactures and commerce, from the merchant down to the working manufacturer and mechanic. For the best purposes of such expeditions will be frustrated if navigation and commerce are not improved by them; yet if the price of the books containing the accounts of the voyages made by order of Government is beyond the reach of some of the classes of people just mentioned, this must necessarily be the case.

By observations on the productions of nature or art, and on the manners and customs of the inhabitants of newly discovered countries, the skilful artist and manufacturer is enabled to judge what he may draw from them for improvement at home, or what he may send to them from his own country, provided he can purchase the description of these discoveries. A judicious abridgment therefore of all voyages and travels made within the memory of any of the present generation, is highly commendable; and it is on this footing we recommend Dr. Trusler's compilation, especially that part of it which contains an epitome of the voyages and discoveries that have been made in the Southern Hemisphere, chiefly by our countrymen, from the commencement of the present century to the year 1776, when the account of Captain Cook's second voyage was made public. The prolix digressions of navigators and journalists are avoided, and a thread of historical narrative preserved uninterrupted in the description of every country, which makes this volume at once useful and amusing.

III. *The Student's Pocket Dictionary, or Compendium of Universal History, Chronology and Biography, from the earliest Accounts, to the present Time, with Authorities, in two Parts; Part I. containing the Compendium of Universal History; Part II. the Compendium of Biography.* By T. Mortimer, Esq; 8vo. 3s. 6d. J. Johnson.

Another very useful and cheap publication, the title of which we think might be amended, but booksellers have sometimes prejudices with respect to terms, which authors cannot over-rule. This work is properly an index to Universal History and Biography, for it points out the chief events of ancient and modern history, and gives an abstract of the professions, with the dates of existence and death of all eminent men of every age and country, supported by authorities from larger works of established reputation, to which you are referred for more ample satisfacti-

on. The general complaint against abridgments is obviated in this pocket volume, by the excellent method of annexing the authorities to each article, a plan most probably borrowed from the great literary standard, Dr. Samuel Johnson, who set the first example in his Etymological Dictionary.

The study of history, independent of classical learning, is a modern improvement lately introduced into boarding-schools, and especially into female seminaries, and whoever considers with attention, the importance of improving the minds of our young ladies, till very lately, shamefully neglected in their boarding-schools, will not hesitate to declare, that this little volume may answer a valuable end to the community, by facilitating such beneficial accomplishments. To say more of the obvious utility of this work, would be superfluous; but that our readers may have an opportunity of forming some opinion of their own, we subjoin an extract from each part, indiscriminately taken. Part I. "KNIGHT, the origin of this title, as a military honour, is said to be derived from the siege of Troy; but this depends solely on a passage or two in Homer. With certainty, we may trace the institution to the Romans, who, after their union with the Sabines, created three hundred Knights, about 750 B. C. *Livy*. Knighthood conferred in England by the priest at the altar after confession and consecration of the sword during the Saxon heptarchy. The first knight made by the Sovereign, with the sword of state, was Altheftan, on whom Alfred bestowed this new dignity, A. D. 900. *Spelman's Glossary*, and *Aschmole's Institutes*, edit. 1672. The custom of ecclesiastics conferring the honour of knighthood was suppressed in a synod, held at Westminster in 1100. All persons having ten pounds a year income, were obliged to be knighted, or to pay a fine to be excused, 38th of Henry III. 1254. *Salmon's Chronicle*, *Vide*. Orders of Knighthood, same part.

Part II. CANTACUZENUS JOHANNES of Constantinople; Statesman and General, Regent of the Empire during the minority of John Paleologus, the son of Andronicus. He discharged his trust with fidelity, but being declared a traitor by the Empress Dowager and her faction, the principal nobility and the army requested him to accept the crown in 1342. A civil war ensued; the young Prince was associated with him, and they reigned together; but jealousies and animosities continually arising, Cantacuzenus, to prevent further commotions, retired to a convent, took the habit of a monk, and the name of Josephus. In this retreat, he wrote an excellent history of the affairs of the Greek Empire, from 1320 to 1355, being the period of his own administration; also, a defence of Christianity against the religion of Mahomet, died

died in 1411, aged 100. *Cousin's Histoire de Constantinople.*

PUBLICATIONS THIS MONTH,
Besides those that have been reviewed.

P O L I T I C A L.

THE political and religious Conduct of the Dissenters vindicated, in Answer to a Letter addressed to the whole Body of the Dissenters, by the Author of a Letter to the Bishop of Landaff 1s. 6d. Dilly.

Considerations on the alledged Necessity of hiring foreign Troops, and the present Method of recruiting the Army, &c. 2s. Elmsly.

Letters to the King, from an old patriot Quaker, lately deceased. 2s. 6d. R. Baldwin.

Considerations on the Nature, Quality, and Distinctions of Coal; with Enquiries philosophical and political, into the present State of the Laws, and the Questions now in Agitation relative to the Taxes upon those Commodities. 1s. Richardson and Urquhart.

Plan of Re-union between Great Britain and her Colonies, 8vo. 3s. 6d. Murray.

Thoughts on the present State of Affairs with America, and the Means, of Conciliation. 2s. Doddsley.

M I S C E L L A N E O U S.

Select Letters between the late Dukes of Somerset, Lady Luxborough, Miss Dolman, Mr. Whistler, Mr. R. Doddsley, William Shenstone, Esq; and others, including a Sketch of the Manners, Laws, &c. of the Republic of Venice, and some poetical Pieces, by Mr. Hull, 2 vols. 8vo. 10s. Doddsley.

M E D I C A L.

A Treatise on Hysterical and Nervous Disorders, by Daniel Smith, M. D. 1s. 6d. Carnan.

P O E T R Y.

Owen of Carron, a Poem, by Dr. Langhorne, 4to. 3s. Dilly.

R E L I G I O U S.

A Delineation of the Parables of our Blessed Saviour. By Andrew Gray, D. D. 8vo. 6s. Murray.

The Truth of the Christian Religion, drawn from its successful and speedy Propagation, enforced in two Sermons, lately preached before the University of Oxford, by Thomas Randolph, D. D. 1s. 6d. Rivington.

P O E T I C A L E S S A Y S.

STREPHON and LEONORA,

The Second Pastoral.

By Ambrosia.

In furias ignemque ruunt, amor omnibus idem.

Virg. Geo. 3. v. 244.

AS fair Aurora goddess of the morning,
In all her glitt'ring robes was quick
returning;

A lad unus'd to all the wiles of love,
Rose from his dewy bed to range the grove.
Rough was his person, clownish was his
mien,

With all that rustiness, in plough boys seen;
Grac'd with a mind, as simple as uncouth,
In short, his only ornament was youth.

Thoughtless he rovd along the verdant
fields,

Alike indifferent what their beauty yields;
Singing a ditty out of tune and time,
And now and then in prose instead of rhyme.

Thus as he wander'd through the sweets
of morn,

Where fragrant flow'rs the rising day adorn;
Where ev'ry herb with one aspiring nod,
Declares the goodness of a bounteous God;
His steps direct him to a rural seat,
From sultry Phœbus a secure retreat;
Beneath whose covert, Leonora laid,
T'enjoy the beauties which the scene dis-
play'd.

Love seiz'd the clown and rais'd his rustic
Secret he stood, inanimate of motion;

While she, with tears and jealousy oppress'd,
Bespoke the rising passion in her breast.

LEONORA.

Canst thou, inconstant Damon, think to find
A maid like me, so ever true and kind?

No, cruel youth, you soon will find you err'd
When haughty Delia you to me preferr'd;

Her love is transient, mine was firmly fixt,
'Till you, false Damon, made a flaw betwixt

My happiness and thine; for all yet know,
I pleasure find in solitary woe;

Woe! why did I call it woe? No, I'll
strive

To banish perjur'd Damon whilst I live;

"Yet ought to grieve but cannot what I
ought,

"I mourn the lover, not lament his fault;

"I view his crime, but kindle at the view,

"Repent old pleasures, and solicit new."

Welcome ye woods, ye streams that ever flow,

A rural life shall rid me of my woe;

Welcome ye mountains and ye shady bow'rs,

Welcome delightful thoughts and peaceful
hours;

Welcome retirement with a faithful friend,

To soothe my sorrows and assistance lend;

The glassy fountain and the secret cell,

Where only perfect happiness can dwell:

Oh! Sweet companions of the truly blest,

I now invoke your aid to ease my troubled
breast.

Still though I fear that each returning day,

Will some remembrance of past joys convey:

But

But why should I in vain ideas mourn?
Those happy moments which will ne'er
return?

More blest will be poor Leonora's lot,
Damon forgetting, as by him forgot.
What words can tell the pleasures I shall feel,
To watch my sheep, to turn my spinning
wheel,

To hear the streams in gentle murmurs flow
And summer gales through rustling oiers
blow? [request,

If heaven would grant me but this great
T'assuage my sorrow and regain my rest;
At once from love, stern jealousy and strife
To free my soul, and sweeten human life,
I'm blest indeed! nor wish my Damon true,
While such superior happiness in view.

Thus sung the nymph, whose plaintive sor-
row mov'd
The rustic clown, and told him that he lov'd;
While nervous passions tender love express,
He thus with simple truth the simpler maid
address'd.

STREPHON.

Had I the pow'rs, angelic fair! to move
Thy tender heart, and tell thee how I love;
My feeble sense in these soft arts untry'd,
Could not express the rapture of my pride.
Believe me when I say—I love thee more,
Than does the miser his sequester'd ore;
More than the thirsty swain the limpid
stream, [bright beam
More than the sickly flow'r the sun's
And more than vanity the world's esteem. }
The lily's sweets unto the roving bee,
Are not so pleasing as thy form to me.

LEONORA.

Who art thou, stranger? Speak, suspend my
fear;

Sure it is all delusion that I hear.

STREPHON.

Do not the ardour of a shepherd blame,
Whose heart and actions ever are the same.

LEONORA.

Can I with safety on thy words rely?
Lives yet a man exempt from treachery?

STREPHON.

Suspect me not—I act a faithful part,
I love sincere—no fraud dwells in my heart,
Believe me shepherdes my words are true;
How could you think I was deceiving you?
No—rather let me court the smiles of state,
I hate delusion and I scorn a cheat.

LEONORA.

If, my good friend, (for so I will you call,)
Thy actions prove what now thy lips let fall,
You well deserve that faithful name to bear;
Which sooths our sorrow and partakes our
care; [they feel,

Which makes the world endure the pains
With more complacence to their Maker's will
Which makes the wise, the idiot and the
slave, [brave,

The scepter'd king, the timid and the
Supremely happy, if that pow'r they have. }

STREPHON.

If then thy friendship only I must share,
Teach me at once thy subsidy of care;

LOND. MAG. Jan. 1778.

Teach me sweet shepherdes, the whole to
prove,
That friendship may arrive to merit love.

LEONORA.

Thy truth, fond swain's superior to the
claim;

Friendship's a noble, love's an idle name;
An empty pleasure, born to give us trouble,
A transient happiness, a glittering bubble,
A restless passion we must all endure,
From courts, and greatness to the cot
obscure,

Without one certain, one authentick cure. }

STREPHON.

Oh say not so—lest I must still sustain,
My present suff'ring with an added pain;
Lest I, exempt from peace, must undergo,
Without thy pity, unabating woe;
Without, sweet shepherdes ———

LEONORA.

———No more, fond youth,
I cannot doubt thy constancy and truth;
Which noble sentiments if you retain,
Expect my pity, to relieve your pain.
Then, and then only, may you hope to
prove, [remove;
The wish'd for pow'rs that can thy cares
The noblest friendship, crown'd with the
most ardent love. }

But see yon rural charge expects my care,
Shepherd adieu, awhile thy tale forbear;
The noon's approach commands me to attend.
But here to-morrow I expect my friend.

HENRY and LUCY. A BALLAD.

By a Lady.

I.

WHERE Kennet rolls his silver tide
In Berkshire's fertile lands,
Beneath a hill whose shelter hides
A pleasant cottage stands,

II.

Where Lucy lives divinely fair
As in the mountain snow;
By nature drest her auburn hair
In artless ringlets flow.

III.

Her eyes a bright celestial blue
Such as the heaven shews;
Her cheeks display as fair a hue
As does the new blown rose,

IV.

Whene'er she speaks the little loves
That there in ambush lie,
O'er all her blooming features rove
And wanton in her eye.

V.

Full many a lovely youth had strove,
But yet had strove in vain,
To win this beauteous maid to love,
And soften her disdain.

VI.

For happy in herself she liv'd
Contented with her fate,
Nor envied ought that fortune gave,
Nor wish'd to change her state,

G

VII.

VII.

And thus till now she might remain,
Nor yet have learn'd to prove,
Had not the gentle Henry came,
The pleasing pains of love.

VIII.

Henry adorn'd with every grace
Of person and of mind,
In whose intelligible face
Each innate virtue shin'd.

IX.

A mutual love each heart conceiv'd,
Nor long conceal'd the flame,
An honest mind cannot deceive,
And virtue fears no shame.

X.

The setting sun—the rising morn
Is witness to their joys,
Blest in themselves they justly scorn
The world and all its noise.

XI.

Nor seek, but in the shady grove
And flowery field to find,
Those joys which only dwell where love
And innocence are join'd.

XII.

Around their neat tho' lowly cot
A fragrant woodbine twines,
And thro' their garden's humble spot
A gentle streamlet winds.

XIII.

Here Henry with a lover's care
Has planted every flower,
And with his Lucy oft repairs
To spend an evening hour.

XIV.

His Lucy's smiles like magick charms
Can banish every care,
And Lucy never dreams of harms
While gentle Henry's near.

XV.

Oft as they range the sunny mead
They nature's book explore,
The God in all his works they read,
And while they read adore.

XVI.

Thus pass their lives, one gentle calm
Of friendship, love and peace,
For virtue guards from every harm,
And leads them on to bliss.

XVII.

Ye great! who fortune's favours share,
Yet murmur at your lot,
That peace ye seek is settled here,
The tenant of this cot.

XVIII.

She flies from all the pomp of pride
And pageants of the great,
With truth and virtue to reside,
And bless the humble state.

ODE for the NEW YEAR.
January 1, 1778.

WHEN rival nations, great in arms,
Great in pow'r, in glory great,
Fill the world with war's alarms,
And breathe a temporary hate,

The hostile storms but rage awhile,
And the tir'd contest ends;
But ah! how hard to reconcile
The foes who once were friends!
Each hasty word, each look unkind,
Each distant hint, that seems to mean
A something lurking in the mind,
Which almost longs to lurk unseen;
Each shadow of a shade offends
Th' embitter'd foes who once were friends.

That Power alone who fram'd the soul,
And bade the springs of passion play,
Can all their jarring strings controul,
And form on discord concord's sway.
'Tis he alone whose breath of love
Did o'er the world of waters move,
Whose touch the mountains bends,
Whose word from darkness call'd forth light,
'Tis he alone can re-unite
The foes who once were friends.

To him, O Britain, bow the knee!
His awful, his august decree,
Ye rebel tribes adore!
Forgive at once, and be forgiven,
Ope in each breast a little heaven,
And discord is no more.

P A R O D Y.

WHEN tuneful bards in lofty verse,
Rich in numbers, rich in thought,
To th' attentive world rehearse
Acts with godlike virtues fraught;
Tho' Envy may detract awhile,
The opposition's vain:—
But ah! how hard to check the smile,
When *sack* inspires the strain!

Each feeble word, each hobbling line
And sycophantic period, mark
The pen dragg'd forth by royal wine
From its retirement dull and dark!
By ev'ry jingle is declar'd
St. James's prostituted bard.

Why, Whitehead, should thy tuneless soul
Call forth our passions into play;
And, raising heats thou shouldst controul,
Graft politics on New-Year's Day?

Could not thy torpid spirit mark
The change of seasons in the Park,
Or in St. James's Yard?
Content with these, thou shouldst at home
Have staid; for cross the seas to roam
Fits not St. James's bard.

Quit politics, and bow thy knee
To Dullness; that her wise decree
Thy odes may regulate!
Submit at once, and be forgiven,
That to her bosom, as to heaven,
Thy lays may thee translate.

THE MONTHLY CHRONOLOGER.

L O N D O N.

MONDAY, JAN. 5, 1778.

ON Friday as his Majesty was getting out of his chair in the passage, near the Friary, leading to the back stairs at St. James's, a woman suddenly rushed before the chair, and was going to lay hold on him, but he with difficulty avoided her. The King asked her "What she wanted?" To which she gave an impudent answer, and said her name was Queen Beck. She afterwards said that her name was Rebecca O'Hara, that she was born in Ireland, and had been in England five years, and that she lodged at a public-house near Red-Lion-Square. On enquiry this was found to be false, and in order to determine whether she was really out of her senses, Sir John Fielding committed her to Tothillfields Bridewell for further examination. She has since proved to be a lunatic, and proper care is taken of her.

FRIDAY, 9.

On Wednesday at a meeting of the Middlesex Justices, held at Guildhall, Westminster, it was unanimously agreed, that Hicks's Hall be pulled down, and rebuilt on the same spot.

TUESDAY, 13.

In the course of last year there was imported into London, from Newcastle and Sunderland, 692093½ chalders of coals, which is 5514½ chalders short of the import for the preceding year. Of cinders and Scotch coals 7015 chalders were also imported there. During last year 4792 ships cleared at the Custom-House, 4390 of which coastwise, and 402 for foreign ports.

FRIDAY, 16.

It is said, that it was not till after the publication of Lord Chesterfield's Letters, that a late Prelate put a codicil to his will, enjoining his executor to bury all manuscripts which should be found in his bureau in the coffin with him.

The manuscripts that were put into the late Bishop of Exeter's coffin with his corpse, according to his Lordship's order, were not sermons, as has been asserted, but a collection of letters he had received in the course of his life from some distinguished personages both abroad and at home.

On Wednesday night a boy, not 14 years of age, was convicted of felony at the Old-Bailey. This boy was discharged but on Saturday out of Clerkenwell Bridewell, where he had been confined for three years for felony, and on the Monday he began to follow his old practice.

Snuff and tobacco were never known in the memory of man, in Ireland, at so exorbitant a rate as at present, unmanufactured tobacco selling now at 3s. per pound to the tobacconists. This extraordinary rise is owing principally to the disputes with America, and partly to a monopoly among some persons at Glasgow, many of whom have amassed large fortunes by this article. The people there have endeavoured, but in vain, to substitute herbs of various kinds in its stead, but from a constant habit nothing can make them happy but tobacco, which indeed is the only luxury they are able to purchase.

SATURDAY, 17.

Yesterday a Court of Common Council was held at Guildhall, when a motion was made, that a bounty should be granted to able-bodied seamen and landmen to enter into his Majesty's service during the present war. This brought on a warm debate, which lasted till four o'clock, when the question was called for, and it was carried against the motion by a great majority. The Aldermen present, besides the Lord Mayor, were Alsop, Harley, Crosby, Bull, Sawbridge, Kennett, Kirkman, Plumb, Oliver, Plomer, Hayley, Newnham, Hart, Wright, Pugh, and the two sheriffs.

FRIDAY, 23.

A letter from Scarborough, dated Jan. 18, says, "The beginning of last week we had a most violent hurricane, which has done so much damage in the harbour that 2000l. will scarce make it good. Indeed every part there looks truly shocking; vessels sunk, bulged, beat to pieces, overset; masts, rigging, and bowsprits cracked. That part of the new pier you first go on before you come to the new work, is opened almost through. In short, the sea was so great in the harbour, that neither wood, iron, nor hemp would hold; but happily no lives were lost, though many received severe bruises and hurts. The wind at present is somewhat more off the land. The harbour was so full of shipping, that many ran aground, having no room left for shelter within the pier head, and very few escaped without some damage."

MONDAY, 26.

A letter from Manchester, dated the 3d, says, "By the indefatigable attention which the officers and subscribers pay to the new regiment intended to be raised here, the recruiting service goes on rapidly, and the regiment seems likely to be soon raised. On Friday evening, by desire of Sir Thomas Egerton, the officers, and the subscribing gentlemen, the comedy of the Recruiting Officer was

was performed at the Theatre Royal to a very brilliant audience, most of the ladies wearing blue breast-knots, and the gentlemen blue cockades; at the conclusion of the play, the union, and the blue flag with the words "The Royal Manchester volunteers" wrote upon it, was brought upon the stage, when the music struck up, accompanied with the song of "God save the king," and was succeeded by "Rule Britannia;" both of which were re-echoed in chorus from every part of the house, concluding with three huzzas".

A meeting has been held at the London Tavern of several capital Merchants, &c. at which Mr. Cornwall being voted into the chair, a motion was made to open a subscription for raising a sum of money for the purpose of enlisting a number of men for the king's service; when it was unanimously agreed to, and 3700*l.* subscribed, since which several thousand pounds more have been subscribed.

A letter from Halifax, Yorkshire, dated Jan. 16, says, "A subscription was set on foot about a fortnight ago in town, for the same laudable purpose as that at Manchester, &c. At a meeting (called by hand bills) J. Worrall, Esq; in the chair, it was unanimously resolved, that the present exigencies of affairs demanded their most serious attention; the chairman accordingly began a subscription with a Bank bill of 100*l.* and a promise to serve as a volunteer in the said corps. The rest of the gentlemen present gave very liberally, and the subscription goes on with great spirit, 2550*l.* being already collected."

It is said that the county of Warwick will raise four battalions, viz. Birmingham one, Coventry one, and the country at large two. Great subscriptions have been raised in the two towns.

A subscription is opened at Halifax for raising men for his Majesty's service, and a considerable sum is already subscribed.

A very liberal subscription has been opened at Hinkley in Leicestershire; the promoters of this plan have declared their intention of adding two guineas to the royal bounty to every man who shall enter voluntarily into the service of any established corps.

A subscription was opened at Halifax, Yorkshire, last week, for raising men for his Majesty's service, when a very considerable sum was cheerfully subscribed.

Bristol, Birmingham, &c. are likewise raising subscriptions for the same purpose.

At a general meeting of the justices, grand jury, gentlemen, freeholders, and others of the county of Middlesex, at the Court-House in Wellelose-Square, it was resolved, that a subscription be immediately opened for the raising of men within the Tower Hamlets, to serve his Majesty in America during the continuance of the present disturbances there.

The Edinburgh subscription goes on very briskly. About 8000*l.* is already subscribed, including Leith and Cannongate. The house of Mess. Mansfield, Hunter, and Co. have subscribed 300*l.* Lady Grant, 200*l.* and William Millar, Esq; advocate, son of the Lord Justice Clerk, 100 guineas.

The sum subscribed for raising the Glasgow battalion already exceeds 9000*l.* sterling.

The towns of Sterling, Dunbar, and Greenock, in Scotland, have each offered bounties for men to enter into his Majesty's service.

The Duke of Hamilton is to command a company in his intended new corps, and, it is said, has solicited the king's leave to go out with the regiment on service to America.

Another battalion of 1000 men is forewith to be added to Lord John Murray's regiment of Highlanders.

Besides these different bodies already mentioned, Aberdeen, and several other places in both England and Scotland, have raised large sums for the service of the American war.

From the LONDON GAZETTE.

By the KING.

A PROCLAMATION for a GENERAL FAST.
GEORGE R.

WE taking into our most serious consideration the just and necessary measures of force which we are obliged to use against our rebellious subjects in our colonies and provinces in North America, and putting our trust in Almighty God, that he will vouchsafe a special blessing on our arms, both by sea and land, have resolved, and do, by and with the advice of our privy council, hereby command, That a public fast and humiliation be observed throughout that part of our kingdom of Great Britain called England, our dominion of Wales, and town of Berwick upon Tweed, upon Friday the twenty-seventh day of February next; that so both we and our people may humble ourselves before Almighty God, in order to obtain pardon of our sins; and may, in the most devout and solemn manner, send up our prayers and supplications to the Divine Majesty, for averting those heavy judgments which our manifold sins and provocations have most justly deserved, and for imploring his intervention and blessing, speedily to deliver our loyal subjects, within our colonies and provinces in North America, from the violence, injustice, and tyranny of those daring rebels, who have assumed to themselves the exercise of arbitrary power; to open the eyes of those who have been deluded by specious falsehoods into acts of treason and rebellion; to turn the hearts of the authors of these calamities; and finally to restore our people in those distracted provinces and colonies to the happy condition of being free subjects of a free state,

state, under which heretofore they flourished so long and prospered so much; and we do strictly charge and command, that the said public fast be reverently and devoutly observed by all our loving subjects in England, our dominion of Wales, and town of Berwick upon Tweed, as they tender the favour of Almighty God, and would avoid his wrath and indignation; and upon pain of such punishment as we may justly inflict on all such as contemn and neglect the performance of so religious a duty. And for the better and more orderly solemnizing the same, we have given directions to the most reverend the Archbishops and the right reverend the Bishops of England, to compose a form of prayer suitable to the occasion, to be used in all churches, chapels, and places of public worship; and to take care the same be timely dispersed throughout their respective dioceses.

Given at our court at St. James's, the 23d day of January, 1778, in the eighteenth year of our reign.

GOD save the KING.

[This gazette contains also his Majesty's proclamation for a general fast to be observed in Scotland on the 26th day of February.]

AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

From the LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

Admiralty-Office, Jan. 8, 1778.

THE following is an extract of a letter received last night by the Eagle Packet from the Vice-Admiral Lord Viscount Howe, Commander in Chief of his Majesty's ships and vessels in North America, to Mr. Stephens, dated on board his Majesty's ship the Eagle, in the Delaware, the 23 of November, 1777.

SIR, *Eagle, Delaware, Nov. 23, 1777.*

THE General advising me of his intention to send a packet immediately to England, I avail myself of the opportunity to acquaint you, for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the admiralty, respecting the progress of the military services in which the ships of war have been concerned, since the date of my last letter of the 25th of October.

I mentioned in that letter the preparations making for the attack meditated on the works the rebels had constructed on either shore, for preventing an open communication by water with the army at Philadelphia, on which it was obvious to them that the farther operations of the campaign would greatly depend.

The wind still continuing to prevent the Vigilant from passing to the rear of the enemy's works on Fort Island, by the only channel practicable for that purpose, the opportunity was taken by the king's forces, and by the enemy with equal assiduity, to

strengthen the preparations judged expedient on either part for the proposed attack.

The officers and seamen of the ships of war and transports were employed in the mean time, with unremitting fatigue and perseverance, to convey provisions, artillery, and stores, to the Schylkill, between Fort Island and the Pennsylvania shore: six 24 pounders from the Eagle, and four 32 pounders from the Somerset, transported in the same manner, with the requisite proportions of ammunition, were mounted in the batteries erected by the General's appointment on Province Island.

The wind becoming favourable the 15th instant, that first occasion was taken for ordering the ships upon the intended service.

The Somerset and Isis were appointed to proceed up the eastern channel of the river, to act against the fort in the front. The Roebuck, Pearl, and Liverpool, with the Cornwallis Galley, and some smaller armed vessels, against a battery with heavy artillery which the rebels had lately opened on a point above, and near to Manto Creek, in a situation to rake the ships anchored to fire upon the fort, and more advantageously chosen, as the shoalness of the water did not admit ships to approach within a desirable distance of the work.

The Vigilant, with a hulk mounting three 18 pounders, commanded by Lieut. Botham of the Eagle, proceeded at the same time through the channel round Hog Island, and anchored on that side the fort, according to the intention pointed out for co-operating with the batteries on the Pennsylvania shore.

The Isis, being as well placed in the eastern channel as the circumstances of the navigation would permit, rendered very essential service against the fort and galleys, much to the personal honour of Capt. Cornwallis, and credit of the discipline in his ship. The Roebuck and other frigates stationed against the battery were equally well conducted.

Greater caution being necessary in placing the Somerset, that ship could not be carried as far up the channel as the Isis was advanced.

The impression made by the batteries on Province Island (before very considerable) being united with the well-directed efforts from the Vigilant and Hulk, soon silenced the artillery of the fort; and farther preparations being in progress for opening the Etocade and forcing the works next morning, the enemy set fire to and evacuated the fort during the night.

The numbers of the enemy killed and wounded appeared to have been very considerable. Those in the different ships, as stated in the annexed return, were much less than could be supposed, particularly of the Isis

Ifis and Roebuck, which were struck many times from the galleys and works.

A detachment from the army under the command of Lord Cornwallis, having been landed the 18th at Billingsport, (where a post had been some time before established) for attacking the redoubt at Red-Bank, the enemy abandoned and blew up the works. They had passed several of their galleys unperceived above the town of Philadelphia, in the night of the 19th, which proved very favourable for the purpose; and attempted to do the same with the rest of the galleys and other water-force the following night; but being seasonably discovered, they were opposed with so much effect, by Lieutenant Watt, of the Roebuck (ordered by Capt. Hammond, before my arrival, to take his station in the Delaware prize, near the town) that not more than three or four of the former appeared to have escaped; and being otherwise unable to prevent the capture of the rest of their armed craft (consisting of two xebecs the two floating-batteries, and several ships, besides fire-vessels, amounting to about 17 in number) they were quitted and burnt. Lieutenant Watt having testified great propriety and spirit on this occasion, I have continued him in the command of the Delaware, retained as an armed ship in the service, to remain near the town of Philadelphia, where such additional naval force is particularly requisite.

A more accurate inspection of the obstructions to the navigation of the river adjacent to Fort-Island, becoming practicable under the circumstances before-mentioned, two channels were discovered, through which the transports, containing the provisions, stores, and other necessaries for the army, might proceed to Philadelphia. They were ordered up the river accordingly, to be afterwards secured at the wharfs of the town, for the approaching winter months.

The unfortunate event of Lieutenant-General Burgoyne's operations with the northern army terminating, as I am advised by the commander in chief, with the surrender of those troops agreeable to the tenor of a convention executed the 16th of last October, has rendered a suitable provision necessary to be made for their conveyance to Europe. A proper number of transports has been appropriated for that occasion. But as it would be scarce practicable at this season of the year for light transports to gain the port of Boston, where the embarkation is conditioned to take place, the transports have been ordered under convoy of the Reasonable to Rhode-Island; that if the proposed alteration is adopted, and the troops can be embarked at that port, they may be sooner released.

The following are copies of the papers referred to in the aforementioned extract.

Return of the number of men killed and wounded on board the different ships em-

ployed in the attack of the works of the enemy on Fort-Island, their armed craft, and other defences erected to obstruct the passage of the river-Delaware, on the 15th day of November.

Somerset: five seamen wounded. Ifis: three seamen wounded. Roebuck: three seamen killed, seven ditto wounded. Liverpool: none. Pearl: one master killed, three seamen wounded. Vigilant: one midshipman, one seaman killed; lent from the Eagle. Cornwallis Galley: one second master and pilot wounded. Sloop commanded by Lieutenant Botham: none. Total killed, six. Wounded, 19. In all, 25.

Whiteball, Jan. 8, 1778. The following is a copy and extract of two letters from the Hon. Gen. Sir Wil. Howe to L. G. Germain.

MY LORD, Philadelphia, Nov. 28, 1777.

FROM a variety of difficulties attending the construction of additional batteries, in a morass, against the fort upon Mud-Island, and in the transportation of the guns and stores, they were not opened against the enemy's defences until the 10th instant. On the 15th, the wind proving fair, the Vigilant armed ship, carrying sixteen 24 pounders, and a hulk, with three 24 pounders, got up to the fort through the channel between Province and Hog-Islands; these assisted by several ships of war in the eastern channel, as well as by the batteries on shore, did such execution upon the fort and collateral block-houses, that the enemy, dreading an impending assault, evacuated the island in the night between the 15th and 16th, and it was possessed on the 16th at day-break by the grenadiers of the guards.

The enemy's fire upon the ships of war the Vigilant and Hulk, from two floating batteries, 17 galleys and armed vessels, and from a battery on the Jersey shore, was exceedingly heavy; but the gallantry displayed by the naval commanders, their officers and seamen, on this occasion, frustrated all their efforts, and contributed principally to the reduction of the enemy's works.

The enemy's loss during the siege is computed to have been 400 killed and wounded. The loss to the king's troops was only seven killed and five wounded.

On the 18th at night Lord Cornwallis marched with a corps from camp, and passed the Delaware on the 19th from Chester to Billing's Fort, where he was joined by Major General Sir Thomas Wilson, with a corps that arrived a few days before from New York under his command, having with him Brigadier-Generals Leslie and Pattison.

As soon as the necessary preparations were made, his lordship pursued his march to attack the enemy entrenched at Red-Bank. Upon his approach the rebels evacuated the post, and retired to Mount Holly, where they joined a corps of observation, detached from the

the main army of the rebels, encamped at White Marsh. The entrenchment being demolished, his corps returned by Gloucester on the 27th, and joined the army in this camp.

The enemy's shipping having no longer any protection, and not finding it advisable to attempt the passage of the river, the channel being commanded by the batteries of the town, and the Delaware Frigate, they were omitted, without being dismantled, and burnt on the night between the 20th and 21st; but the galleys of a smaller draught of water, by keeping close along the Jersey shore, escaped from the great breadth of the river.

A forward movement against the enemy will immediately take place, and I hope will be attended with the success that is due to the spirit and activity of his Majesty's troops.

The passage of the river, by the reduction of the two places aforementioned, has been sufficiently opened to bring up frigates and transports; but the removal of the Chevaux de Frise is postponed to a more favourable season.

Major General Sir Thomas Spencer Wilson having represented the very critical situation of his private concerns in England, has my leave to return, and has taken charge of my dispatches to your lordship, by the Eagle Packet. With the most perfect respect I have the honour to be, &c.

W. Howe.

Yast numbers of ordnance and military stores were found in the fort of Mud Island, and that of Red Bank.

On the 11th instant, Lord George Germain received an express from Sir William Howe, brought by the Earl of Cornwallis, dated Philadelphia, Dec. 13, 1777. This letter contains an account of General Howe's, endeavours to bring the rebels to a general engagement. With this view he marched his army to White Marsh, where the enemy's whole force lay strongly intrenched. Several skirmishes ensued, with some loss on the side of the king's troops, who put the enemy to flight in every attack, with slaughter. General Howe however, finding that the enemy's camp was as strong on their centre and left as upon the right, that they seemed determined not to quit their position, and being unwilling to expose the troops longer to the weather in this inclement season, without tents or baggage of any kind for officers or men, he returned on the 8th of December to Philadelphia, where the troops are now gone into winter-quarters—so that the campaign in America seems finished for this season. A reinforcement was sent to General Clinton at New-York, upon his representation of a want of troops for the defence of that post.

PROMOTIONS.

Dr. John Ross, to be Bishop of Exeter, in the room of Dr. Frederick Keppel, deceased.

MARRIAGES.

Jan. **R**OBERT Thistlethwayte, of Norman-Court, Esq. to Miss Selina Frederick, daughter of Sir Thomas Frederick, Bart.—8. Sir George Smyth, Bart. of Stoke, in Nottinghamshire, to Miss Curzon, daughter of Asheton Curzon, Esq. member for Clitheroe.—14. Reverend Robert Willan, to Miss Smyth, only daughter of the late Sir Charles Smyth, Bart. of Hill-Hall, in Essex.—20. Henry John Kearney, Esq. to Lady Augusta Brydges, sister to his Grace the Duke of Chandos.—William Innes, Esq. to Miss Sarah Chambers, second daughter of Sir William Chambers.—A few days ago, Charles McQueen, of Kinlochaine, Esq. to Miss Maria McLean, eldest daughter of Sir Allan McLean.

DEATHS.

ON Christmas-Day, Charles Cheuncy, M. D. and F. R. S.—Jan. 1. Dr. John Green, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians.—2. Friday, at his house at Greenwich, Dr. John Green, physician.—5. The Honourable Lady Catherine Lowther, relict of the late Sir William Lowther.—6. Sir Griffith Boynton, Bart.—7. Lady Germain.—A few days ago the Rev. Mr. Cleeve, many years rector of High Laver, in Essex.

BANKRUPTS.

CHARLES Wigley, of Foster-Lane, London, hardwareman.
Thomas Callcott, of Kensington Gravel-Pits, bricklayer.
John Boyes, late of the parish of Milton, next Graveyard, Kent, mariner.
William Burch, of Back-Lane, St. George in the East, soapboiler.
John Telford, of Evesham, in Worcestershire, mercer.
Mark Cook, now or late of Lamb's Conduit-Street, Red-Lion-Square.
Daniel Brown, of Goswell-Street, St. Botolph, Aldersgate Without, coachmaster.
Thomas Davies, of Russell Street, Covent-Garden, bookseller.
John Edington, of Walton upon Thames, Surry, brickmaker.
John Cook, of London Wall, London, wine-merchant.
Richard Bryan, late of Brailes, in Warwickshire, butcher.
James McGuire, of Bristol, victualler.
William Willey, of Basinghall-Street, London, factor.
William Stone, of Somerset-Street, Portman-Square, St. Mary le-Bonne, taylor.
Anthony Merry, of London, Merchant.
Joseph Sparrow, of Snow Hill, St. Sepulchre, London, silk-dyer.
Joseph Ash, of Lothbury, London, hotpreffer.
Thomas Jones, of Bristol, maltster and brewer.
Moses Swaby, of Walbrook, London, merchant.
John Neary, of the Strand, St. Martin's in the Fields, and of Putney, in Surry, taylor.
John Fletcher, of Red-Bull-Yard, Clerkenwell, soapmaker.
James McLean, of the Strand, coffeeman.
John Pears and Joseph Porter, late of St. Mary le Bonne, dealers and co-partners.
John Dore Hill, otherwise John Hill, late of St. Mary Lambeth, carpenter.

John

John Reilly, late of Leicester-Fields, St. Martin in the Fields, Middlesex, but now of New George-Street, in the parish of Christ. in Surry, broker.
 Robert Wood, of Old Fish street, London, factor.
 Joseph Hope Bowers, late chief mate of the ship Nassau, in the service of the honourable East-India Company, but now of Stoke Newington, in Middlesex, mariner.
 Thomas Carter, of Axminster, in Devonshire, vintner and innholder.
 John Carruther, of Thame, in Oxfordshire, innholder.
 Richard Simpson, of Patrington, in Holderness, Yorkshire, dealer.
 William Chamberlain, of Fetter-Lane, London, baker.
 Joseph Pocock, late of Turnham-Green, Middlesex, brickmaker.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

HIS Serene Highness Maximilian Joseph, Elector of Bavaria, who had been ill of the small-pox about three weeks, died at Munich on the 30th of December last, greatly lamented by all ranks of people.

The Elector Palatine, to whom the estates, nobility, and burghers of Bavaria have taken the oaths of homage and fidelity, immediately after the decease of the Elector of Bavaria, set out on the 2d inst. from Mannheim for Munich, in order to take a provisional pos-

session of the succession which has devolved on him.

Letters from the upper Rhine intimate, that notwithstanding the Elector Palatine has been declared Sovereign of Bavaria, and that the nobility and citizens of that Electorate have taken the oaths of fidelity to him, yet every thing is to remain *in statu quo* till farther orders; and as there are several fiefs in this succession, held from Bohemia, the empire, &c. it is feared the different pretensions will cause some troubles, which is the more to be apprehended, if it is true that several Austrian regiments have passed the Danube, and entered Bavaria.

Accounts just received from the same quarter, say, that the march of the Austrian troops towards the estate of the late Elector of Bavaria is fully confirmed. The most considerable body marches towards Straubingen, the principal part of Lower Bavaria, and consists of 12000 men; the other, consisting of 8000 men, is advancing towards Amberg, in the Upper Palatinate, but is, according to the last advices, stopt at Wald Saxen, by the deep snows.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS OF FAVOURS

RECEIVED FROM, AND ANSWERS TO

CORRESPONDENTS.

LETTER I. from our new correspondent at Paris is received; we beg the favour that the MSS. may be sent in future by the common post by way of Calais; trusting the first packet to a private hand, made it arrive too late for this month. A more acceptable subject could not be devised than a comparison between the manners and customs of the French and English at this time.

The Journey from London to Penrith shall find a place, but it must be abridged and corrected, as some things are repeated which were mentioned in the letter from Sibergham.

The second letter from *Veritati Amicus* is come to hand; in the Appendix he will find part of his wishes complied with, and the improvement in another article will likewise be attended to.

An Old Subscriber's Letter is answered in our Magazine for December.

Two of the Anecdotes of Peter the Great, by G. G. are valuable; the others are too uninteresting and common.

The Anecdote from the Fashionable Tell-Tale has appeared in print in various forms and disguises; it was scarce possible to select a more stale and worn out story.

An admirer of the Belles-Lettres is invited to open his promised correspondence as soon as he thinks proper; we shall find room for his Dissertations.

The Historian's Memento is under consideration; he is requested to answer the following query by letter—are not letters from living friends in different parts of Europe, and descriptions of countries, properly speaking, History?

L. W. who gave us the hint to insert the New Year's Frolick, will be pleased to take notice, that we could not possibly crowd them all into one magazine. Whatever others do, it is not compatible with our plan. The best characters from the remaining lists he may expect to see in our next.

Love letters between private parties, however well written, cannot be introduced into our publication.